



*Ier: 9. 1.*

*Psal: 119. 9.*

**LONDON**

*Printed for Henry Bonnick at v Red Lyon in S. Pauls Churchyard.*



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*Printed for Henry Bonnick at v Red Lyon in S. Pauls Churchyard.*

*Many words and little sense*

PIA DESIDERIA:  
O R,  
Divine Addresses,

In Three B O O K S.

Illustrated with XLVII. Copper-Plates.

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Written in *Latine* by *Herm. Hugo.*

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*Englisched by*

EDM. ARWAKER, M. A.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for *Henry Bonwicke*, at the *Red-Lion* in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*,  
MDCLXXXVI.

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IMPRIMATUR,

October 20. 1685.

Rob. Midgley.

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TO  
Her Royal Highness  
THE  
PRINCESS ANNE  
Of DENMARK.

THE Great, *Madam*, seldom want  
Addresses from the Multitude, to  
applaud and celebrate them; for  
*Greatness* draws the *Crowd*, as the *burning*  
*Bush* did *Moses*, to admire it. But what  
encourages others in their approaches to  
their Superiors, had prohibited mine to  
Your Royal Highness, and, like the *Voice*  
sent from amidst *that Bush*, had prescrib'd  
my admiration limits, and confin'd it to  
so due a distance, that it might not com-  
mit a *Rudeness*, where it design'd to pay a

## Epistle Dedicatory.

*Reverence.* But, *Madam*, the obliging condescension of Your Excellent and truly Royal Temper, which awes all Your approachers only with a gentle Influence, as it encourag'd me to beg, so it readily procur'd me Your gracious permission to lay this humble Offering at Your feet. I have therefore presum'd to introduce into Your Royal Highness's Presence a Foreigner ambitious of the Honor, and one who must certainly be divertive, if his sense be not impair'd by the unskilfulness of his Interpreter.

For you will find him, *Madam*, so much your own resemblance, so religiously Devout, so sincerely Christian so vers'd in all the heights and transports of an exalted Piety, as well as all the excellencies of Wit and Sense, that his Conversation cannot be unpleasing.

And now, to whom but Your Royal High-

## Epistle Dedicatory.

Highness can he become a Suppliant ? for where can a Work of the highest Devotion be so favourably receiv'd, as where the Person whose Patronage it implores is the most Unimitable, as well as most Illustrious Pattern of it ?

It is not, *Madam*, because You are Daughter to the best, no less than the Greatest of Christian Monarchs, but because You are a faithful Servant to the *King of Kings*, that this poor piece begs your Royal Acceptance. It admires You not so much for Your external Pomp and Grandeur, as for the nobler Ornaments of Your Soul ; nor takes so much notice that *Tour Garments are of Needle-work and Embroidery*, as that *Tou are all glorious within*. For *Tour Piety, Madam*, is eminent as *Tour Quality* ; and the Constancy of *Tour Presence*, as well as the Religion of *Tour Performance*, at the Devotions of our

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Church,

## Epistle Dedicatory.

*Church*, might powerfully put to silence not only the *Ignorance of foolish men*, but the *Malice too of the wicked and perverse* : Or if they shou'd still continue their false suggestions, yet the genuine Sons of the *Church of England* can have no apprehensions of unkindness from their Sovereign, who has given His Princely Word, that *He will defend and support it in its present Establishment*, and whose *Royal Issue* are such inseparable Members of it, that all *Its sufferings* must affect *Them*. But God be prais'd the *Church*, thro *His Majesty's* goodness and favour, is as far from *danger* as from the *dread or suspicion of it*, and the notion it has of *His benign and gracious disposition*, renders it as *fearless*, as the addition of a Promise, as sacred and inviolable as the *Laws of the Medes and Persians*, makes it *safe*. And as 'tis the *Churches first happiness* to be under the Government

## Epistle Dedicatory.

Government of so excellent a Prince, so 'tis its  
second blessing to be own'd by Your Royal  
Highness, the public daily demonstrations of  
whose affection towards it, are so many convin-  
cing arguments of its Purity and Perfection ;  
and all must believe worthily of it, since it  
stands fair in the good opinion of one of the  
Wiseſt and moſt Religious Princeſſes in the  
world. Which favor it cannot fear to loſe,  
till 'tis eſtrang'd from it ſelf, till it forfeits  
that Character which His Maſteſty was pleas'd  
to give of it, and falls from its ancient Loy-  
alty, that ſignal Loyalty for which it has been  
always eminent, and which is a main part of  
its Religion ; that Religion which Your Royal  
Highneſs honors by Your Profeſſion, and a-  
dorns by your Practice of it, and which the  
world muſt admire, out of an ambition to imi-  
tate ſuch a great Exemplar. But as Your Royal  
Highneſs is abſolute in all points of a real  
Piety

## Epistle Dedicatory.

*Piety, so You excel in that of not seeking the  
worlds applause by Your performances ; and  
therefore I leave all Panegyricks, and only  
make it my humble petition, that You will  
with Your usual sweetness and candor accept  
this mean present, and pardon the unworthy  
Offerer,*

Your Royal Highness's

most Humble

and most Obedient Servant,

EDM. ARWAKER

## PREFACE.

**F**rom my first acquaintance with this Author, which was as early as I was able to understand him, I found him so pleasing and agreeable, that I wish'd he were taught to speak English, that those who cou'd not understand him in his own language might by that means partake of the satisfaction and advantage I, at least, receiv'd in my conversation with him. And finding that not any Pen had been employ'd about the Work, (for Mr. Quarles only borrow'd his Emblems, to prefix them to much inferiour sense) rather than it shou'd remain undon, and such an excellent piece of Devotion be lost to those who wou'd prize it most, the Religious Ladies of our Age: I resolv'd to engage in the attempt; and the rather, because the Subject was as sutable to my Calling, as a Clergyman, as the Sense was to my Fancy, as an humble Admirer of Poetry, especia'ly such as is Divine.

But on a more considerate perusal of the Book, in order to a Translation, I found some things in it which put a stop to my proceeding, that even my Zeal to have it done, cou'd scarce prevail with me to undertake the Work. For my Author, I found, was a little too much a Poet, and had inserted several fictitious stories in his Poems, which did much lessen their gravity, and very ill become their Devotion; and which, indeed, wou'd take from them that prevalency which they ought to have, as serious Addrestes from the Soul to God, over the affections of all that read them. But at last  
my

## The Preface.

my inclination to the Work, made me resolve rather wholly to omit those Fictions where I met them, than to recede from my design. And accordingly I have made my business to leave them always out, only where I cou'd think of an apposite example out of the Scriptures, I have used it instead of the fictitious one omitted. As in the first Poem of the second Book, where the Author brings in Phaeton as an example of mens desiring Liberty in choosing, tho their choice proves oftentimes their ruin, I have used the Prodigal Son, as more suitable to the design, and I am sure to the gravity of the Poem. And such another alteration I have made in the second Poem of the third Book, where, instead of Cydippe being deceiv'd by Acontius with an Apple, I have mention'd Eve's being so deluded by the Serpent. And in several other places I have done the like, where those fabulous stories came in my way, as whoever has the curiosity to enquire, may find, by comparing the English with the Latine. And in all this, I think, I have rather done my Author a kindness than an injury. But there is another thing for which some of the Author's friends may perhaps call me to an account; that is, for omitting several historical passages taken from the Legend of Saints and Martyrologies: And for this I must return in my own behalf, that it was not out of any disregard to, or prejudice against the Saint and holy persons of whom the account is given, nor that I superstitiously disbelieve their stories, however some perhaps may with too much superstition credit them; but that the true reasons of my leaving out the mention of them were these: First, because I knew that great part of

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## The Preface.

that the Readers would be strangers to their Histories, and must consequently be at a loss in understanding the Poems. Secondly, because the truth of the relations is not so evident as to render them unquestionable, I thought them better left out, especially since they are only bare recitals of such passages, without any improvement of Fancy, or any Luckiness of Thought upon them, which could not injure the Book by being omitted, whereas the inserting that part might prejudice some nice judgments against the Poem whole. And, which was my third reason, might be a second consideration to the Impression.

But however they may censure me for this, I hope they will not take it ill that I have left out the Satyrical part of the second Poem of the first Book, wherein the Author reflects on the Monks and Fryars in their variety of Habits, and contests about them; for indeed I thought it something too uncharitable to have any room in so Divine a Poem. And now I am apologizing for my omission, let me not forget to acquaint the Reader that I have left out some of the Author's sense, particularly in the eighth Poem of the second Book, and in the second Poem of the third Book: In the first of which he recounts all the several sorts of Perfumes he can think of, and in the latter makes a long recital of the various kinds of Scented Flowers, both which rather tire than delight the Reader, and he must be unkind if he does not thank me for omitting them. But still it may be objected against me, that I have made bold with my Author, in varying from him, and sometimes adding to him: 'Tis true, I have done both; as in the third Poem of the first Book for instance, where, instead of mentioning Podalirius

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## The Preface.

and Melampus, and the other Physicians, I have u  
ten lines of my own ; and in the fifth Poem of the sa  
Book, I have given an account of Mans Creation som  
thing different from that in my Author, (both which  
all the other variations and additions, may be known  
the English Reader by their being printed in the Italia  
Character.) But whether I have impair'd the sen  
whether done for the better or the worse, I must subm  
my self to the judgment of the Learned, whose pardon  
must beg for whatever is amiss, and particularly if  
any thing I have injur'd the worthy Author, to whom I a  
willing to make all the reparation I am able. And if  
have injur'd him in other additions, I have done him  
kindness in that in the tenth Poem of the third Bo  
where he seems to apologize for Self-murder; for wh  
I have there added takes away all possibility of mistakin  
him, who I am confident was too good a Christian  
design any thing of that kind, and we find he sufficient  
condemn'd all such attempts by this Verse :

O quoties quæsitæ fugæ fuit ansa pudendæ !  
which I have render'd,

How oft' wou'd I attempt a shameful flight !  
where the epithet he gives to flight, proves that he ha  
no good opinion of it. And this gives me the hint to see  
something of his wishing for death in the eighth Poem  
of the same Book, which is not any way meant in favour  
of Self-murder, but a pious desire of the Soul to be freed  
from the captivity of the body, that it might enjoy  
Saviour ; which is no more than what St. Paul tells  
of himself, that he had a desire to be dissolved, and  
to be with Christ. More might be urg'd in behalf of m  
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## The Preface.

Author on this account, but that he needs no apology, & shall have enough to do to excuse my self, for 'tis not improbable I shall be accus'd of an indecorum as to Chronology, in bringing in the glorious Saint & Martyr King Charles I. with our late and present Monarchs, for examples of the misfortune that oftentimes attends the greatest and best of men, instead of Menelaus and Dionsysius: but I desire the Reader to give me leave to inform him, that I design my Translation to represent the Book as if but now first written, and where then should I produce more apt examples of the instability of Fortune, and the sufferings of good men, than those Princes were, whose Unhappiness, like their Excellencies, had no parallel? I am sure They must be more sensible than Dionsysius, whose tyranny made him unpitied in his misery. And having told my Reader my design, I hope he will not blame me for changing the 7th. of May (which I suppose was my Author's Birth-day) to the 7th. of July, (which was my own) and applying to my self all that part of the eighth Poem in the third Book; and then I am confident I shall not be condemn'd on any hand for that digression in the fourteenth Poem of the same Book, wherein I conceive the joyful reception of his late Majesty's Soul in Heaven, and the great satisfaction to see which his present Majesty's succession to the Crown brought to those Cælestial Spirits, who being lovers of Right and Equity, must be exceedingly pleas'd to have their undoubted Title take place: for that they are affected with some transactions here below, is evident from our Saviour's words, that there is joy in Heaven, among the Angels over sinners that repent; and of my not then over the Just that are rewarded? I

## The Preface.

I would not willingly tire my Reader with a long Preface, and therefore shall only add a word or two in behalf of my Author and my self. 'Tis true the Title-page in the Latine declares him of the Society of Jesus, but his Book shews nothing either of his Order, or particular Opinion in Religion, but that he is an excellent Christian in the main: And indeed he seems to me to have design'dly avoided all occasion of offence to his Readers of different judgment; for tho in the fourteenth Poem of the first Book he had a fair opportunity of mentioning Purgatory, he wholly declines it, and takes no notice at all of such a place. And in the twelfth Poem of the third Book he says nothing of Transubstantiation, tho he had occasion to mention the Sacrament of the Eucharist. And for this particularly I thought necessary to offer, lest some may think I have mis-render'd him in those places which, if they consult himself, they'll find I have had no occasion for. Thus, having made my excuse for some things which I fear'd might be carp'd at, if I have any other faults, I shall detain the Reader no longer, but let him go on to find them.

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Some Errors have escap'd the Press: Those which relate to sense, are inserted underneath; those in the Pointing, are left to the courteous Reader to correct, who is desired likewise to pardon and amend any literal faults.

Page 1. line 3. for Those, read *Whose*. p. 46. l. 8. r. Friend. p. 146. l. 10. r. I move. p. 150. l. 4. for whose, r. *who's*. p. 212. l. 20. r. *And then*. p. 232. l. 16. r. *my deliverer*.

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*Lord thou knowest all my desire,  
and my groaning is not hid  
from thee. Psal. 38. v. 9.*

TO THE  
 DESIRE  
 OF THE  
 Eternal Habitations,  
 JESUS CHRIST,  
 Whom the Angels desire to pry into.

*rd, thou knowest all my desire, and my groaning  
 ing is not hid from thee. Psal. 38. v. 9.*

**B**Y no discov'ry did I e're impart  
 The secret *pantings* of my *love-sick* Heart ;  
 Those close *recesses* to no other eye  
 At the great Pow'r's that fram'd them, open lie :  
 Only views my thoughts in their undress,  
 And His bright beams expose their nakedness.

Who can his sense t'another's ears convey,  
 Unless himself his own designs betray ?  
 Yet, cou'd *Discov'ry* gratifie my wish,  
*Concealment* shou'd not long defer the Bliss :  
 But no *relation* can my wants relieve,  
 Or limits to my boundless wishes give.

*Rachel* (alas!) wou'd her lost Sons deplore,  
 But th'ineffectual grief was quickly o're :  
*Since publish'd sorrows still were unredrest,*  
*She call'd them back home to her mournful breast.*  
 Thus Fire *emits*, and then *devours* its Seeds,  
 And on its Off-spring the wild Parent feeds.  
 Thus, when the Clouds have empty'd all their Ra  
 They drink up the exhausted stock again.  
 And thus I best receive the tears I shed,  
 And turn the *Streams* back to their *Fountains* head.

Then what my thoughts are while I seem to mo  
 Only to me, and him I love, is known ;  
 What I design in every silent Vow,  
 Only *myself*, and *my Beloved* know ;

My longing *SIGHS* a mystick Language prove,  
 known to all but *me* and *Him I love*.

How oft' have I with hypocritick art  
 a dissembled look bely'd my heart ?  
 While *Sadness* all without deludes the sight,  
 When all within is *Pleasure* in the height:  
 My faithless tears are practis'd in deceit,  
 And my false smiles are all a varnish'd cheat.  
 When I lament, the world believes me *sad* ;  
 When I rejoyce, then it concludes me *glad* :  
 Thus by my count'nance guessing at my state,  
 Is oft' abus'd to a wrong estimate ;  
 For false appearances deceive its sense,  
 And all it sees is *Vizard* and *Pretence*.  
 What mean my throbbing breasts, and melting eyes,  
 We only know, and only *We* suffice.

Heb. 4. 13.

Neither is there any Creature that is not manifest in his sight, but all things are naked and opened to the eyes of him with whom we have to do.



*With my Soul have I desired  
thee in the night. Isa: 26. 9.*

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S I G H S  
OF THE  
Penitent Soul,

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BOOK *the First.*

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I.

*With my soul have I desired thee in the night.  
Isa. 26. 9.*

**H**OW do my *wandering thoughts* mistake their way,  
And in a Maze of darksome *Error* stray?  
Lost in which dismal *Lab'rinth*, I conclude  
Th' *Aegyptian Plague* is in my Soul renew'd.

A Night of so much Horror's fit alone  
 For the neglect of dull *Oblivion*.  
 No *Scythian* or *Cimmerian* Sky's so black, (faint  
 Tho Heav'n's bright Lamps those gloomy Shades for-  
 Ev'n Hell, where Night in sable Triumph dwells,  
 Yields to the terror of my darker Cells :  
 For tho no fav'ring Star imparts its light,  
 To banish thence the Horror and Alfright ;  
 Yet *there* so much their punishment they feel,  
 As will not let them be insensible :  
*There* the sad Shades bewail their want of Light,  
 And the *Cimmerians* grieve away their Night ;  
 And, when the *Scythians* fix dark Moons have spent,  
 Th'expected Day returns from Banishment.

But I am to eternal Night confin'd,  
 And what shou'd guide me, is it self struck blind :  
 Nor can I hope but that I still must stray,  
 Since I perceive not how I lose my way ;  
 But court the baneful Shades in which I err,  
 And to Heav'n's safe and faithful *Cynosure*  
 The *Ignis Fatuus* of my sense prefer :

For Prides false light misguides my wandring mind,  
 And vain Ambition does my Judgment blind;  
 While Love with soft Enchantments does entice  
 My heart, and with false fire deceives my eyes.  
 When this black Image does my thoughts possess,  
 The darkness and the horror still increase.  
 My eyes have their successive Night and Day,  
 And Heav'n allows *them* an alternate sway:  
 Oh! that my *Soul* as happy were as *They*!  
 That *Reason* jointly might with *Will* preside,  
 Whose office 'tis the stragling *Mind* to guide!

They more are griev'd who *lose* the use of sight,  
 Than they who *ne're enjoy'd* the benefit;  
 And he that in Nights shades has lost his way,  
 Salutes with greater joy th'approaching Day:  
 But that (alas!) is a too tedious Night,  
 That never will admit the grateful Light.

When the bright Sun returns to cheer our eyes,  
 We haste, like *Persians*, to adore his Rise;

Thither

Thither our early homage we address;  
 And strive who first shall his kind Influence bless.  
 Thus oft', on high, I Heav'ns bright Orb survey'd  
 From Pole to Pole, and thus as oft' have pray'd;  
 Shine, shine, my *Sun*, bright subject of my Song,  
 Thou that hast left my watchful eyes too long,  
 Rise, rise, and raise thy wondrous head on high;  
 Can one faint *Ray* indulge my longing eye?  
 Yet, if that Bliss is too sublime for me,  
 Give me, oh! give me one kind glimpse of *Thee*

Bernard in Cant. Serm. 75.

*The World has its Nights, and those  
not a few. Alas! why do I say its  
Nights, since it self is almost one  
continual Night, and always over-  
spread with Darkness?*

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II. O God,

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## II.



*O God, thou knowest my Simplicity, and my faults are not hid from thee. Psal: 69. 5.*

## II.

O God, thou knowest my simplicity, and my faults are not hid from thee. Psal. 69. 5.

IF thou our childish *Folly* canst not bear,  
 Thou, who dost all things by *wise Counsels* steer;  
 Who can accepted, who can pardon'd be,  
 Since none from *Folly*, none from *Faults* are free?  
 This strange infectious Poyson of the mind  
 Has spread its Venom o're all human-kind:  
 'Tis vain to counterfeit, we've all been frail,  
 Folly's our *Birth-Right* by a long Entail,  
 Since our first Parents went themselves astray,  
 And taught *us* too to fool our Bliss away :  
 They for an *Apple* all Mankind betray'd ;  
 Was e're a more imprudent bargain made?  
 Nor *Esau's* Folly has its parallel,  
 Who, Wretch! devour'd his Birth-Right at a Meal.  
 Ev'n

Ev'n He,——

Whom *Sheba's Queen* for *Wisdom* did prefer,  
 (Strange weakness!) acted *Folly* ev'n with *Her*;  
 Which proves *that King's* Orac'lous Sentence true,  
 Who says, that *Fools* are num'rous, *Wise-men* few.  
 Nor was the prudent *Moses* with in vain,  
 When he of *Mans* destruction did complain;  
 "O that unthinking *Mortals* wou'd be wise,  
 "And place their End before their heedful eyes!  
 "Then *Sins* short pleasures they wou'd soon despise,  
 "Not yield, like *Wax*, to ev'ry Stamp of Vice.

Wou'd any but a strange besotted Rout,  
 Th'*Existence* of a *God* deny, or doubt?  
*These*, that in sin they may uncheck'd go on,  
 Perswade themselves to a belief of *None*.  
 Our very *Crimes* t'improve our *Folly* tend,  
 And we're *infatuate*, e're we dare offend;  
 Nor does the growing frenzy *here* give o're,  
 But from *this Ill* runs headlong on to *more*:  
 We Castles build in this inferior Air,  
 As if to have *Eternal Beings here* :

But

But when unthought-of *Death* shall snatch us hence,  
 We *then* shall own the fond Improvidence.  
 With endless and unprofitable toil  
 We strive t'enrich and beautifie the Soil;  
 This Soil, which we must leave at last behind  
 To those for whom our pains were ne're design'd.

How does our toil resemble Childrens play,  
 When they erect an Edifice of Clay?  
 How *idly* busie and imploy'd they are?  
 Here, *some* bring Straw; there, *others* Sticks prepare;  
*This* loads his Cart with Dirt; *that* in a Shell  
 Brings Water, that it may be temper'd well;  
 And in their work themselves they fondly pride,  
 While Age the *childish Fabrick* does deride:  
 So on *our Work* Heav'n with contempt looks down;  
 And with a breath our *Babel-Tow'r*'s o'rethrown.

What strange desire of *Gems*, what thirst of *Gold*,  
 These, drops of Rain congeal'd; *that*, ripned Mold!  
 Yet *these* so much mens nobler Souls debase,  
 That they their bliss in such mean trifles place.

Ah!

Ah! foolish Ign'rants! can your choice approve  
 No more exalted Objects of your love,  
 That all your time in *their* pursuit you spend,  
 As if *Salvation* did on *them* depend?  
 Heav'n may be purchas'd at an easie rate;  
 But, oh! how few bid any thing for *That*!  
 Unthinking Sots! that *Earth* to *Heav'n* prefer,  
 And *fading Joys* to *endless Glory* there!  
 The Crime of such an inconfid'rate choice  
 Ought not pretend to Pardon, ev'n in Boys;  
 For *They* from Counters currant Money know,  
 Almost as soon as they have learnt to go:  
 But *Men* (oh shame!) prize counterfeit delights  
 Before the Joys to which kind Heav'n invites.

Oh! for some Artist to retrieve their sense,  
 E're more degrees of Folly they commence.

But by Heav'ns piercing Eye we are descry'd,  
 Which does our sins with Follies Mantle hide.  
 He's pleas'd to wink at Errors too in me,  
 And seeing, seems as tho he did not see.

appro He knows I've but a slender stock of Wit,  
 And want a Guardian too to manage it:  
 O then, some kind *Protection*, Lord, assign  
 This *Idiot Soul*! But 'twill be best in *Thine*.

Chrysoft. in Joann. Hom. 4.

They are no better than Fools, who are ever, as it  
 were, dreaming of earthly things, and of short con-  
 tinuance.

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C

III. Have

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## III.



*Have mercy upon me O Lord,  
for I am Weak: O Lord heal me,  
for my bones are vexed. Psal. 6. 2*

## III.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak :  
 O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.  
 Psal. 6. 2.

Hall my just grief be querulous, or mute,  
 Full of *Disease*, of *Physick* destitute !  
 Thought thy Love so constant heretofore,  
 That Vows were needless to confirm me more :  
 And dost thou now absent, and slight my pain !  
 That fault of mine has caus'd this cold Disdain ?  
 O blest *Physitian* of my love-sick Soul,  
 Whose sight alone will make thy *Patient* whole ;  
 Thou who hast caus'd, canst thou forget my grief,  
 Which only from its *Author* seeks relief ?  
 Shou'd they whose Art gave dying *Fame* new breath ;  
 And rescu'd their surviving names from Death :  
 Why in whose sight no bold *Disease* durst stand  
 Trembling vanish'd at their least command ;

*They who each Simples sov'rein Virtue knew,  
 And to their ends cou'd well apply them too:  
 Shou'd they their skill in tedious Consult try,  
 All, all wou'd fail to ease my misery ;  
 All their Prescriptions without Thine are vain,  
 Thine only sute the nature of my pain.  
 Thou who hast caus'd, canst thou forget my grief  
 Which only from its Author seeks relief !*

*See! my parch'd tongue my bodies flame declar  
 And my quick Pulse proclaims intestine Wars ;  
 While so much blood's profusely spent within,  
 That not one drop can in my cheeks be seen ;  
 And the same Pulse that gave the brisk Allarms  
 Beats a dead March in my dejected Arms :  
 My Doctors sigh, and shrugging take their leave,  
 And me to Heav'n and a cold Grave bequeath,  
 While more than they the fatal sense I feel  
 Of my lost health, and their succesless skill.*

What can the *Patient* hope, when sad despair  
 Discourages the lost *Physician's* care !

The subtle Poyson creeps through all my Veins,  
 And in my Bones the fierce Infection reigns :  
 My drooping head flies to my hands for aid,  
 But by the feeble Props is soon betray'd :  
 Now my last breath is ready to expire,  
 And I must next to Deaths dark Cell retire.  
 Vainly I strive my other pains to tell,  
 For they (alas!) are unaccountable.  
 In this forlorn unpity'd state I lie,  
 While he who can relieve me, lets me die.  
 My Face is strange, and out of knowledg grown,  
 Ev'n I am scarce perswaded 'tis my own.  
 My Eyes have shrunk for shelter in my head,  
 And on my Cheek the Rose hangs pale and dead.  
 No pow'r cou'd drive the fierce Disease away,  
 Nor force the plundering Conqu'rour from his prey.  
 (heart,  
 My Wounds--But oh ! that word has pierc'd my  
 The very mention does renew their smart ;  
 My Wounds gape wide, as they wou'd let in Death,  
 And make quick passage for my flitting breath :

Nor can they ev'n the lightest touch endure,  
 But dread the hand that wou'd attempt their Cure  
 For, Lord, my Wounds are from the Darts of  
 That rage and torture my griev'd Soul within.  
 Here a hydropick thirst of *Riches* reigns,  
 And there *Prides* flatuous humor puffs my veins  
 Next frantick *Passion* plays the Tyrants part,  
 And *Loves* o're-spreading Cancer gnaws my heart  
 Oft' to the learn'd I made my suff'rings known,  
 Oft' try'd their skill, but found redress from none  
 Not all the virtue of *Bethesda's Pool*,  
 Without *thy help*, could ever make me whole:  
 Then to what *healing Altar* shou'd I fly,  
 But *that whose prostrate Victims never die*?  
 To Thee, *Health-giver to the world*, I kneel,  
 Who most canst pity what thy self didst feel:  
 There's no sound part in all my tortur'd Soul;  
 But, *if thou wilt, Lord, thou canst make me whole*.  
 See how by *Thieves* I spoil'd and wounded am!  
 Forget not then thy good *Samaritan*:  
 My fainting Spirits with rich Wine revive,  
 And for my Wounds some *Balm of Gilead* give:

ure, *Then take me home, lest if I here remain,*  
 their C *My Foes return, and make thy succour vain!*

Aug. de Verb. Dom. Serm. 55. cap. 55:

*The whole World, from East to West, lies very sick ;  
 but to cure this very sick World, there descends an  
 Omnipotent Physician, who humbled himself even to  
 the Assumption of a mortal body, as if he had gone  
 into the bed of the diseased.*

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IV. Look

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*Look upon my adversity and mi-  
sery, (and forgive me all my sin.  
Psal. 25. 17.*

## IV.

Look upon my adversity and misery, and forgive me all my sin. Psal. 25. 17.

CAN all my Suff'rings no compassion move,  
And wou'dst thou yet perswade me thou dost  
love?

Love does, by sympathetick pow'r, impart  
The Lovers Passions to each others heart.

Canst thou behold my grief, and seek no way  
For my redress? True Love brooks no delay.

See what a servile Yoke my neck sustains,  
Whose shame is more afflicting than its pains!

With any task my Soul wou'd be content,  
But one whose Scandal is a Punishment.

Had my afflictions any parallel,  
Taught by Example, I shou'd bear them well:

And

And 'twou'd, amidst my woes, bring some relief,  
 To have *more shoulders* to support the grief :  
 Eor bravest *Heroes* oft' have felt the weight  
 Of their injurious Step-dame *Fortune's* hate.  
*Thus our fam'd Martyr, in his Murd'ers stead,*  
*Bow'd to a Rebel Ax His Sacred Head ;*  
*While His great Sons, Princes of high Renown,*  
*The Best, next Him, that e're adorn'd the Crown,*  
*In an obscure, ignoble Banishment,*  
*Did Their own Fate, and Rebels Guilt prevent.*  
 Sad instances of Man's uncertain state !  
 Yet 'tis no Crime to be unfortunate :  
 But my base Slav'ry is alone my blame,  
 And less to be bewail'd with *tears*, than *shame* ;  
 And to a heavier sum my woes amount,  
 Since I must place them to my own account.  
 Like captiv'd *Sampson* I am driv'n about,  
 The drudge and scorn of an insulting Rout.  
*Around I draw the heavy restless Wheel,*  
*And find my endless task beginning still :*  
*Within this Circle by strange Magick bound,*  
*I'm still in motion, yet I gain no ground.*

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O! that some *usual Labor* were injoin'd,  
 And not the Tyrant *Vice* enslave my mind!  
 No weight of Chains cou'd grieve my captive hands  
 Like the loath'd Drudg'ry of its *base Commands*;  
 And this a double mis'ry does contract,  
 Ev'n I *condemn* the hated Ills I *act*.  
 Yet of my Chains I'm not so weary grown,  
 But that I still am putting others on.  
 For Sin has always this attending curse,  
 To back the *first Transgression* with a *worse* :  
 And tho I saw the threatning *Plague* from far,  
 Not all the *danger* cou'd my *will* deter:  
 Thus *Vice* and *Virtue* do my Soul divide,  
 Like a Ship haraſt between *Wind* and *Tide*.  
*Pleasure*, the *Bawd* to *Vice*, *here* draws me in,  
*There*, *Grief*, its *Follow'r*, pulls me back agen ;  
 Yet *Pleasure* comes Victorious from the Field,  
 And makes my Soul to *Vice* its homage yield :  
 Tho *Grief* does still with *Vice* in triumph ride,  
 Plac'd, like the *Slave* by the great *Conqu'ror's* ſide.

Thus

Thus *Vice* and *Virtue* have alternate sway,  
 While I, with endless labor, *Both* obey :  
 And to increase my pains, as if too small,  
 Thy heavy hand comes in the rear of all,  
 And, with deep-piercing strokes, corrects that sin,  
 Which in it self had more than punish'd been.

Oh ! cast an eye of pity on my grief,  
 And use some gentler methods of relief !

Aug. in Psal. 36.

at fin, I suppose the World is called a Mill,  
because it is turn'd about on the  
Wheels of Time, and grinds and  
crushes those who most admire it.

Aug

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V. Remem

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*Remember I beseech thee, that thou hast  
made me as the clay, and wilt thou  
bring me into dust againe. Iob. 10. 9.*

*P. 28.*

## V.

*Remember, I beseech thee, that thou hast made me as the clay, and wilt thou bring me into dust again ? Job. 10. 9.*

**H**As Providence regard to things below ?  
Or does it slight what 'tis not pleas'd to know?  
That the great *Author* of this brittle Frame  
Forgets from what *Original* it came ?

Ages, to Thee are but as yesterday,  
And canst thou, Lord, forget thy humble Clay ?  
Form'd with a touch, and quickned with a breath,  
In one short moment made, and doom'd to death.  
If thou hast this forgot, receive from me  
The sad relation of the History.

When this great Fabrick of the World was rear'd,  
And its Orig'nal Nothing disappear'd,  
Then, tow'rd's the close of the Sixth busie day,  
Thou with a glance didst the whole Work survey,  
And

*'And pleas'd with that fair product of thy Pow'r,  
 Wou'dst copy't o're again in Miniature,  
 And from a Lump of despicable Earth,  
 Gav'st Man (the less, but Nobler World) his Birth;  
 The Nobler, since in his small Frame we view  
 At once the World and its Creator too.*

*But things of finest texture first decay,  
 And Heav'n's great Master-piece is brittle Clay;  
 Ruin'd by that which does its worth advance,  
 And dash'd to pieces by the least mischance.*

*This frail, this transitory thing am I,  
 Who only live, to learn the way to die :  
 So soon shall Fate to its first Matten turn  
 The curious Structure of this living Urn.  
 Thus China-Vessels, wrought with Art and Pain,  
 Are, without either, soon reduc'd again.  
 Such is th'uncertainty of human state,  
 Such the destructive haste of necessary Fate !*

*Why then, my God, does swift-pac'd time betide  
 What of it self's so subject to decay ?  
 All to the Grave, their Centre, freely bend,  
 And thither, prest with their own weight descend*

ate needs not any hasty violence use,  
 To force a motion, which unurg'd they choose.  
 Did I the Stars more temper'd matter share,  
 All they first fell, I no decay shou'd fear :  
 Or cou'd I like th'unbody'd *Angels* be,  
 Like them, I'd triumph o're *Mortality*.  
 But I, like *Insects*, sure derive my Birth  
 From some plebeian, putrifying *Earth*.  
 Why did not Heav'n a brazen temper grant,  
 To hew me from a Rock of Adamant ?  
 But how dare I with Heav'n expostulate,  
 To blame the frailty of my mortal state ?  
 To vain my wise Creator I upbraid,  
 Since he applauds the work,-----  
 And I was only for his pleasure made.

Rupert. in Jerem. lib. 1. cap. 4.

Does the unhappy Clay blaspheme the fingers of its  
 Potter? How so! because the Potter contracting his  
 fingers, and striking the Vessel with his whole hand,  
 it is violently dash'd to pieces:



*I have sinned, what shall I do unto  
thee, O thou preserver of men, who  
hast thou set me as a mark against thee*  
*Job. 7. 20.*

## VI:

*I have sinned, what shall I do unto thee, O thou Preserver of Men ? Why hast thou set me as a Mark against thee ? Job 7. 20.*

**T**Is just, nor will I longer hide my shame,  
 But own my self egregiously to blame :  
 My sins to such a mighty sum amount,  
 That hope of Pardon wou'd increase th'account ;  
 And the black Cat'logue of their unwip'd score  
 Calls for more Plagues than Vengeance has in store.

I own it, Lord, nor just reproaches fear,  
 The easi'st punishment I ought to bear ;  
 Here, at thy feet, I humbly prostrate bow,  
 And beg my Sentence from thy mouth to know.  
 Shall my own hands dissect my hated Womb ?  
 Shall I retire alive into my Tomb ?

Shall I with Gifts thy loaden Altar crown,  
 Or sacrifice the Beast, *my self*, thereon?  
 (*Tho sure my blood wou'd that blest place prophane,*  
*And give what it shou'd cleanse a fouler stain.*)

All this, and more, if possible to do,  
 Wou'd fall far short to pay the Debt I owe.  
 But thou art not severe, nor hard to please,  
 A God whom Slaughter only can appease:  
 Thy Sword has often spar'd thy conquer'd Foe  
 Less pleas'd to *Conquer*, than to *Pardon* so;  
 No tyrant Passion rages in thy Breast,  
 But the meek *Dove* builds there her peaceful Nest  
 And when thou wou'dst thy height of anger shew  
 A sudden Calm unbends thy threatening brow;  
 And thou dost kindly raise the prostrate Foe,  
 With the same hand that shou'd have struck the  
 blow.

Wou'dst thou permit.—But oh! what Eloquence  
 Can with success appear in my defence!  
 Yet let me, Lord, plead for *my self*, and *Thee*,  
 Lest ev'n *thy Cause*, as *mine*, may faulty be.

Lord, I confess I've sinn'd, but not alone ;  
 Wilt thou impute a *common* Guilt to One ?  
 Thy bare-fac'd Rebels prosper in their sin,  
 As if th' *Extreme of Vice* were meritting ;  
 Thy brandisht Thunder thou hast oft' laid down,  
 And stretch'd a peaceful Olive in its room.  
 But ev'ry slip, each inadvertency,  
 I magnify'd & insuff'able in me :  
 I am the Mark of ev'ry wounding stroke,  
 As if I only did thy wrath provoke.  
 This I confess. That most of all I do :  
 I bear my Pray'r, with my Confession too !  
 I accept the good Effects of an ill Cause,  
 And pardon sin that gains thee most applause.  
 Forgive me Conqu'ror, since thou must confess  
 Had I not err'd, thy Glory had been less.

Greg. in 7 cap. Job, lib. 8. cap. 23.

When God sets Man as a mark against him, when  
 Man by sinning has forsaken God : But our just  
 Creator set him as a mark against him, because he  
 thought him his enemy by his haughtiness.

Shall I with Gifts thy loaden Altar crown,  
 Or sacrifice the Beast, *my self*, thereon?  
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*Wherefore hidest thou thy face,  
and holdest me for thine enemy.  
Job. 13. 24.*

## VII.

*Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and holdest me  
for thine enemy ? Job 13. 24.*

**I** S't *my* great *Error*, or *thy* small *Respect*,  
That I am treated with this cold *neglect* ?  
I thought thy frowns were but *dissembled heat*,  
And all thy threatning looks an *amorous cheat*.  
As tender Mothers draw the breast away,  
To urge their pretty Innocents to play ;  
Or as the Nurse seems to *deny* a Kiss,  
To make the fonder suppliant *steal* the Bliss :  
So I believ'd thou didst avoid my sight,  
Only to *heighten* my keen appetite.  
But now, (alas !) 'tis *earnest* all, I find,  
And not *pretended* Anger, but *design'd* :  
My kind Embrace you coyly entertain,  
As if we never shou'd be Friends again :

And with such eager haste my presence shun,  
 As men from *Monsters* or *Infection* run ;  
 As if my looks wou'd turn you into stone :  
*But fear not that, the work's already done ;*  
*So cold you are, so senseless of my smart,*  
*Some Magick sure has petrify'd your heart.*  
 O let me know what Crime I must deplore,  
 That lets me see your *dear-lov'd Face* no more !  
 Why must I, Love, that Face no longer see,  
 That ne're, *till now*, once look'd awry on me ?  
 Sure you believe there's poyson in my breath,  
 Or that my eyes dart unavoi'ded Death.  
 Prevent the danger with thy conqu'ring eye,  
*Unsheath its Rays, and let th'Offender die ;*  
*Or else discharge a frown, and strike me dead,*  
*For more than Death I your Displeasure dread.*  
 Your eyes are *all* I wish, let *them* be mine,  
 The *Sun*, unmist by me, may cease to shine :  
 But if depriv'd of *them*, not *his faint light*,  
 Nor all its *Objects*, can reprove my sight.  
 Then think, *my Love*, with pity and remorse,  
 How I am tortur'd by this sad Divorce :

Think on the pains of *unregarded Love*,  
 And blame *their cause*, if *them* you disapprove.

Amb. Apolog. pro David.

If any of our Servants offend us, we are wont not to  
 look upon them: If this be thought a punishment a-  
 mong Men, how much more with God? for you  
 see that God turned away his face from the Offering  
 of Cain.

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VIII. O that

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*O that my Head were Waters, and  
 mine Eyes a fountain of Tears, that I  
 might weep day and night. Ier. 9. 1.*

*P. 40.*

## VIII.

*O that my Head were Waters, and mine Eyes  
a fountain of Tears, that I might weep day  
and night ! Jer. 9. 1.*

**O** H ! that my head were one vast source of tears,  
With bubbling *streams* as num'rous as my hairs!  
*That grief with inexhaustible supplies  
Wou'd fill the Cisterns of my flowing eyes !  
Till the fierce torrents which those springs impart  
Flow down my breast, and stagnate round my heart.*

Not all the tears the Royal Psalmist shed,  
With which his Couch was wash'd, himself was fed;  
Nor those which once the weeping Mary powr'd,  
To wash the feet of her forgiving Lord ;  
Nor those which drown'd the great Apostle's breast,  
Whose boasted Zeal shrunk at th'affrighting Test ;  
Nor

*Nor these, nor more than these, can e're suffice  
To cleanse the stains of my Impieties.*

*Give me the undiscover'd source of Nile,  
That with sev'n Streams o'reflows th' Egyptian Soil  
Or let Noe's wondrous Deluge be renew'd,  
Till I am drown'd in the impetuous Flood.*

*O that these Fountains wou'd their course begin,  
'And flow as fast as I made haste to sin!  
The weeping Limbecks never shou'd give o're,  
Till the last drop had empty'd all their store.  
How do I grudge the Clouds their envy'd Rain!  
How wish the boundless Treasures of the Main!  
Then shou'd my Tears, like that, just motion keep,  
And I shou'd take a strange delight to weep:  
Nor the swift current of my grief forbid,  
Till in the waves this little World were hid:  
Hid, as the neighb'ring Valleys are o'respread,  
When the warm Sun melts Pindus snowy head.  
The blest Assyrian found in Jordans Seas  
A happy Med'cine for his soul Disease;*

*What kind Torrent will my Cure begin,  
And cleanse my filthier Leprosie of Sin?*

*See! from my Saviour's side a stream of Blood!  
I'll bath my self in that Redeeming Flood.  
That healing Torrent was on purpose spilt,  
To wash my stains, and expiate all my guilt.  
That ever-flowing Ocean will suffice  
For the defect of my exhausted Eyes.*

Hieron. in Jerem. cap. 9.

*If I were all dissolv'd to Tears, and those not only  
some few drops, but an Ocean or a Deluge, I  
should never weep enough.*

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IX. The

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*The Pains of Hell came about  
me, the snares of Death overtook  
me. (Psal: 18. 4.)*

## IX.

*The pains of Hell came about me, the snares  
of Death overtook me. Psal. 18. 4.*

WHILE in this sad distress my self I view,  
Methinks I make *Actæon's* story true:

Long I the pleasures of the *Wood* pursu'd,  
Till, like its Beasts, my self grew wild and rude ;  
I hop'd with *Hunting* to divert my care,  
But ran at last into the secret *Snare*.

Yet to *those Woods* (alas!) I did not go,  
Whose inn'cent Sports give *health* and *pleasure* too.  
I spread no Toils to take the tim'rous *Deer*,  
Nor aim'd my Javlin at the rugged *Bear*.  
Happy, had I my time so well imploy'd,  
Nor had I been by my own *Game* destroy'd :  
I had not then mis-spent my youthful days,  
Nor torn my flesh among sharp thorny ways.  
But

But I (alas!) still ply'd the sparkling *Wine*,  
 That poy's'nous Juice of the pernicious *Vine*;  
 And this expos'd me to *Loves* fatal Dart,  
 The false betray'r of my unguarded heart :  
*Love*, not contented with his *Bowe* alone,  
 Has more destructive Instruments than *One* :  
 Nor *Wine* alone on its own strength depends,  
 But uses *Arts* t'intoxicate its Friend.  
 Thus *Sampson*, by his *Dalila* betray'd,  
 Was *Hers*, and then his *En'mies* Captive made :  
 Thus, when too freely *Noe* had us'd the *Vine*,  
 He who escap'd the Flood, lay drown'd in *Wine*.

Thus *Love*, by me pursu'd (alas!) too fast,  
 Seiz'd my lost Soul, and prey'd on me at last ;  
 Within whose close incircling Toils beset,  
 I seem'd a Beast just fall'n into the Net :  
 Destroy'd by what my inclination sought,  
 As *Birds* by their frequented *Lime-twigs* caught ;  
 For Death around its subtle Nets does spread,  
 Fine as the texture of the Spiders Web ;

And as *purdieu* that watchful Lurcher lies,  
 His buzzing prey the better to surprize;  
 But, taught by motion *when* the booty's nigh,  
 Leaps out, and seizes the entangled Fly:  
 Or as a Fowler, with his hidden Snare,  
 Contrives t'entrap the Racers of the Air,  
 While to *conceal* and *further* the deceit,  
 He strows the ground with his destructive meat;  
 And fastens Birds of the same kind, to sing  
 About the Net, and call their fellows in:  
 So *Death* the Wretch into his Snare decoys,  
 And with pretended happiness destroys;  
 While, in pursuit of a dissembled Bliss,  
 We headlong fall into *Hells low Abyss*.

Amb. lib. 4. in cap. 4. Lucae.

*The reward of Honours, the height of Power, the delicacy of Diet, and the beauty of an Harlot, are the snares of the Devil.*

Idem, de bono mortis.

*Whilst thou seekest Pleasures, thou runnest into Snares;  
 for the eye of the Harlot is the snare of the Antere-*

E

X. Enter

And



*Enter not into Judgment with  
thy Servant, O Lord. Psal: 143. 2.*

## X.

Enter not into Judgment with thy servant, O  
 Lord. Psal. 143. 2.

He *Master's* gains to a small sum amount,

That calls his *Servant* to a strict account ;

And tho the *Servant* has not wrong'd his trust,

There's the applause of being only *Just* ?

Only the *Master* does a *Suit* begin,

To gain a Vict'ry he must blush to win ;

Tho the *Servant's* *Innocence* is great,

Is blemish'd with *suspicion* of a *Cheat*.

Give me, *Lord*, to be severe with me,

Wrong thee more than *my* offending thee.

So much too mean for thy regard,

Will lessen thee to mind how I have err'd.

Must thy *Registries* the *pleadings* shew,

And with the hist'ry of *my* overbrow ?

Can I hope *my* Cause shou'd *Thine* out-do,

Are thou sitt'st *Judge*, that art the *Plaintiff* too ?

What Eloquence can plead with such success,  
 To free the wretch that does his debt *confess*?  
 Alas! what *Advocate* best read in Laws,  
 Can *weaken* *Thine*, or *re-inforce* my Cause?  
 Thou dost too strictly my *Accounts* survey,  
 While for *abatement* still in vain I pray.  
 The distant *Poles* thy boundless *Mercy* know,  
 To *Pardon*, *easy*; and to *Punish*, *slow*:  
*Ev'n when* our Crimes pull thy just *Vengeance* down,  
 'Tis rather grief, than anger, makes thee frown:  
 And when thou dost our Punishment decree,  
 Thou seest our stripes with more concern than we,  
 And dost chastise us at so mild a rate,  
 That what we bear, we wou'd not deprecate.  
 But tho this *Character* is *All* thy due,  
 Let me thy *lightest Censure* undergo;  
 For tho thy *Mercy* does no limits know,  
 Thy *Justice* must have *satisfaction* too.  
 These *Attributes* in equall ballance lie,  
 And *neither* must the *others* Right deny:  
 No melting *Passion* can affect thy breast,  
 Nor soft *intreaties* charm thy hand to rest:

cess, nor baffled *Eloquence* dares here engage,  
 ut wants it self some happy Patronage.  
 No Fee, no Bribe, no trick in all the Laws,  
 can e're prevail to carry such a Cause.  
 'Tis vain with *Thee*, Lord, to commence a Suit,  
 whose awful presence strikes all *Pleaders* mute.  
 No other *Judg* so terrible can be,  
 to make me fear *his strictest scrutiny*;  
 'Tis *Thy Tribunal*, Lord, with dread I view,  
 where thou art *Plaintiff*, *Judg*, and *Witness* too:  
 here, when my *Sentence* from thy mouth is come,  
 no *Plea* can urge thee to reverse the Doom.  
 How this dread place augments the guilty's fear,  
 where so much awe and gravity appear!  
 'Tis He whose reas'ning did this truth assert,  
 and shot a trembling into *Felix* heart;  
 no *his own Judgment* did his Soul acquit,  
 e're thought of *Thine* without an *Ague-fit*.  
 And *Wisdom's famous Oracle* denies  
 the purest Soul unblemish'd in thy eyes;  
 whose pious Father (*after thine own heart*)  
 declares *Thy Wrath* the best of man's desert.

And *Job* assures us, that the *Stars*, whose Light  
 Cheers with kind influence our admiring sight,  
 Tho' glorious all in our dim eyes they shine,  
 Are only vast *Opacous Orbs* in thine.

How then can *weaker Posts* support that weight,  
 Which shook *these Pillars* with such strange affright  
 Or how can th' humble *Hyssop* keep its wall,  
 When *Libanus's* tallest *Cedars* fall?

When I behold my large unblotted score,  
 And think what *Plagues* thy Vengeance has in store  
 An icy horror chills my freezing blood,  
 And stops the active motion of its flood.

*As some pale Captive, when condemn'd to death,*  
*Loath to resign, ev'n his last puff of breath,*  
*Beholds, with an intent and steady eye,*  
*The dreadful Instrument of Fate rais'd high :*  
*Yet still unwilling from this World to go,*  
*Shuns with a start the disappointed blow :*  
*So, when I see thy Book, in which are writ*  
*All the black Crimes I rashly did commit,*

Amaz'd, I fly thy Bar ; ———

For how can *sinner*s that strict place abide,  
Where ev'n the *Just* shall be arraign'd and try'd

Bernard. Serm. 6. super, *Beati qui*, &c.

*What can be thought so fearful, what so full of trouble  
and anxiety, as to stand to be judged at such a Tri-  
bunal, and to expect an uncertain Sentence from such  
a Judge?*

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E 4

XI. Let

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*Let not the water-flood drown me  
neither let the deep swallow me up.  
Psal. 69. 16.*

*P. 54.*

## XI.

*Let not the water-flood drown me, neither let  
the deep swallow me up. Psal. 69. 16.*

U Nconstant motion of the restless Sea,  
Whose treach'rous waves the Sailors hopes betray!  
So calm sometimes, so shining they appear,  
So polish'd & Chrystal is more smooth or clear:  
Sometimes they seem still as a standing Lake,  
Whose bounded waters can no motion take.  
Sometimes the waves, rais'd by a gentle breeze,  
Roll their green heads, the wondring sight to please;  
Then, in soft measures, round the Barges dance,  
And to the Musick of their Shrouds advance.  
While thou, kind Sea, their burthen dost sustain,  
While their beaks plough furrows on the Main:  
On thy yielding back each Vessel rides,  
And its rude Oars lash to a foam thy sides.

The groaning Earth scarce weightier burthens feel  
 From heavy loaden Carts with ir'n-bound wheel  
 And that none may suspect thou wilt betray,  
 Thy chrystal waves their rocky breasts display,  
 As if no *treach'ry* cou'd be harbour'd there,  
 Where such great *shews of honesty* appear.

But when the *Anchor's* weigh'd, the *Sails* atrip,  
 And a *kind gale* bears on the floating Ship,  
 Soon as the Land can be perceiv'd no more,  
 And all relief is distant as the shoar,  
 Then the *rough Winds* their boist'rous gusts discharge  
 And all at once assault the helpless Barge.  
 Just as the furious *Lybian* Lions rave,  
 When eager to devour a sentenc'd Slave;  
 Or as a crew of sturdy Thieves prepare  
 To seize and plunder some lone Traveller;  
 Then the insulting Billows proudly rise,  
 And menace, with their lofty heads, the Skies:  
 Then the pale Flood, frightn'd at this Allarm,  
 Trembles with dread of the approaching Storm  
 And when the jarring Winds have tost the Sea,  
 Whose sev'ral Contests bear a diff'rent sway,

The parted Ocean suffers a Divorce,  
 Driv'n as the Storms the routed Billows force.  
 Then a vast Gulph of ruin's opn'd wide,  
 And the Ship's swallow'd in the rapid Tide :  
 Or if born on a *Tenth imposthum'd Wave*,  
 The breaking bubble proves its watry Grave;  
 Thus the false Ocean treach'rously beguiles,  
 And thus in *frowns* end its *deceitful smiles*.

But I suspected not the wheedling Main;  
 Nor did of its inconstancy complain ;  
 I ne're the fury of the *Winds* did blame,  
 Nor on the *Tempests* boisterous rage exclaim ;  
 Nor curst the hardy wretch that led the way,  
 And taught the world to perish in the Sea.  
 My Vessel ne're lanch'd from my native shoar,  
 Nor did the Navigator's Art explore.  
 I study'd not the Chard, nor gave my mind  
 To learn to tack and catch the veering Wind.  
 Too soon these Artists of their skill repent,  
 And *perish* by the Arts they did invent.  
 My *Life's* the *Sea*, whose treach'ry I declare;  
 My *self* the *Vessel* toss'd and shipwreck'd *there* :

All the loud *Storms* of the insulting *Wind*,  
 Are restless *Passions* of my troubled *Mind*.  
 Thus harast in this fluctuating state,  
 I pass thro strange *Vicissitudes* of Fate.

Deceitful Life ! whose false serenity  
 Chang'd in a moment, ends in misery !  
 Thou want'st no *sweet affectives* to betray,  
 But shew'st a *charming Beauty* ev'ry day:  
 While *Love* and *Lust* wreck our lost mind within,  
 No dang'rous *Sands*, no *Rocks* without are seen :  
 But when a *Tide of Vice* breaks fiercely in,  
 And beats the Soul on fatal *Shelves of Sin* ;  
 Then it perceives in what a vast *Abyss*  
 (Sunk by the weight of its own Crimes) it lies.

Oh ! that, at least like wretched drowning men,  
 These *sinking Souls* wou'd rise and float agen !  
 That, while their grosser parts do *downward* move,  
 Their pure *Devotion* wou'd remain *above* !  
 But, just as men to whom th'Earth's gaping Womb  
 Becomes at once their *Murderer* and their *Tomb* ;  
 Or as the wretch beneath some falling Rock,  
 At once is *kill'd* and *bury'd* with the shock :

So fare the men by sins *swift current* born,  
Thoughtless of Heav'n, by Heav'n th'are left forlorn:

See, Lord, how I with *Wind* and *Tide* engage,  
While on each hand a threatening War they wage!  
See how my head is bow'd unto the Grave,  
While I am forc'd to court the drowning Wave?  
Seest thou my Soul lost in a double Death,  
And wilt thou not reprieve my fitting breath?  
Behold, O Lord! behold, and pity me,  
And leave me not to perish in the *Sea*:  
Be thou my *Pylot*, and my motion guide,  
Then I shall *swim*, in spight of *Wind* and *Tide*.

Ambr. Apolog. post pro David. cap. 3.

The multitude of our Lusts raise a mighty Tempest,  
which so tolles them that sail in the Ocean of  
the body, that the mind cannot be its own Pylot.



*Oh! that thou wouldst hide me in the  
Grave! that thou wouldst keep me se-  
cret untill thy wrath be past. Job. 14. 13.*

*P. 60.*

## XII.

*Oh! that thou would'st hide me in the Grave!  
that thou would'st keep me secret, until thy  
wrath be past! Job 14. 13.*

**W**Ho, who will grant me a secure retreat,  
Where I may shun thy furies scorching  
heat?

Whose piercing flames whene're I call to mind,

Near I can no safe concealment find :

When I desire the covert of the *Wood*,

Where only Beasts range for their savage Food ;

When in *Earth's* Womb wou'd hide my fearful  
head,

Or in some *Rock* make my unminded bed ;

Then

Then, ev'n by *Death*, I wish my self to save,  
 And court the dark recesses of the Grave ;  
 Or far remote from the fair Orbs of Light,  
 Wou'd in thick *Darkness* dwell, and endless Night

When the loud Thunder rould along the Sky,  
 Men to the Lawrels shelter trembling fly :  
 In vain (alas!) they hope *Protection* thence,  
 The helpless Tree proves not *its own Defence* ;  
 Much less can *that* a place of Refuge be  
 From an all-seeing angry Deity.

Thy eyes the closest *Solitudes* invade,  
 And pierce and pry into the darkest shade.  
 The wretch who took his Ruin from a Tree,  
 In vain with *Leaves* wou'd hide his shame

*Thee :*

For while to shun thy presence he assay'd,  
 Ev'n his *absconding* his *offence* betray'd.

In vain (alas!) to Caves and Dens we run,  
 We carry with us what we strive to shun.  
 The Den that did the *Hebrew* Captive save,  
 When *He* was freed, prov'd his *Accusers* Grave :  
 Nor was *Lot's* Incest hidden in his Cave.  
 As much in vain we court the Earths dark Womb,  
 And fly for shelter to the silent Tomb :  
 Vengeance, ev'n thither, will our flight pursue,  
 And rise to punish the *black ills* we do.  
 Thus vainly *Cain* stopt righteous *Abel's* breath,  
 The mouth of Blood was opned by his Death.  
 Thus vainly *Jonas* in the Sea conceal'd  
 His *faithless* flight, ev'n by the Sea reveal'd :  
 His living Tomb obey'd Heav'n's great command,  
 And cast him back to the forsaken Land.  
 A brittle Faith is all the glassy Sea can boast,  
 Whose pervious Waves betray what they shou'd co-  
 ver most.  
 Nor can we hope concealment in a Tomb,  
 That casts our bones from its o're-burthen'd Womb.

In Rocks and Caves we must no trust repose,  
 For *their own sound* the secret will disclose.  
 And Leaves, and Trees themselves, alike will fade  
 And then *expose* what they were meant to *shade*.  
 Nor *Sea*, nor *Land*, nor *Carve*, nor *Den*, nor *Wood*,  
 Nor *Stars*, nor *Heav'n it self*, can do me good :  
*Thou*, Lord, alone canst hide my fearful head,  
 Where I no *Veng'ance*, not ev'n *Thine*, can dread.

Amb. in Jerem. cap. 9.

*Whither, O Adam! have thy trans-  
gressions led thee, that thou shunn'st  
thy God, whom before thou sought'st?  
That Fear betrays thy Crime, that  
Flight thy Prevarication.*



*Are not my days few, cease then  
and let me alone that I may bewail  
(my self a little. Job. 10. 20.*

## XIII.

*Are not my days few ? Cease then, and let me  
alone, that I may bewail my self a little.*  
Job 10. 20.

**M**Ust a few minutes added to my days  
Be thought a favour beyond *thanks or praise?*  
*Ages, indeed, might well deserve that name,*  
And render my *Ingratitude* to blame.  
But, the increase of a few days to come,  
How little *adds* it to the slender sum ?  
As well the *Infant*, that but treads the Stage,  
Is said to leave it in a good old Age.  
As well poor *Insects* may be said to live,  
To whom their *Birth-day* does their *Fun'ral* give.

So fading *Flow'rs* their hasty minutes count,  
 Whose *longest hours* scarce to *one day* amount.  
*Flow'rs*, in the morning *Boys*, at noon-tide *Men*,  
 At night, with age, *feeble as Boys* agen.  
 Thus in one short-liv'd day they *bloom* and *die*,  
 And all the diff'rence of *Mans* ages try.  
 Wou'd *Times* o're-hasty *Wheels* their motion stay,  
 And the swift hours not post so fast away,  
 The *Insects* then might lengthen too their *Song*,  
 And the *Flow'rs* boast *their day had been so long*.  
 But Time is ever hastning to be gone,  
 And, like a *Stream*, the *Year* glides swiftly on.  
 Successive *Months* closely each other trace,  
 And meet the *Sun* along his *annual race*.  
 While the swift *hours* are pressing forward still,  
 And, *once gone by*, are *irretrievable*.  
 " Thus envious Time loves on *it self* to prey,  
 " And still thro its own *Entrails* eats its way.  
 So wasting *Lamps* by *their own flames* expire,  
 And kindle at *themselves* their *Fun'ral Fire*.

Thus *its own course* the *circling Year* pursues,  
Till like the *Wheels* on which 'tis mov'd it grows.

Men, This Truth the *Poets* weightily exprest,  
When they made *Saturn* on his Off-spring feast:  
For *Time* on *Months* and *Years*, its Children feeds,  
And kills with *motion*, what its *motion breeds*. (sume,  
on stay, *Hours* waste their *Days*, the *Days* their *Months* con-  
And the rapacious *Months* their *Years* entomb.  
Thus *Years*, *Months*, *Days*, and *Hours*, still keep  
their round,  
Till all in vast *Eternity* are drown'd.

Then, Lord, allow my grief some little space,  
To mourn the *shortness* of my hasty race :  
I wish not time for *laughter* ; if I did,  
My *circumstances* and the *place* forbid.  
All I desire, is time for *grief* and *tears*,  
Let *that* be all th'addition to my years :  
*Which, tho but short, have yet been full of sin,*  
*More than my time was to repent it in.*

Yet if thou grant'st me some *few minutes* more,  
They'll make amends for my *short days* before:  
Drop then, my eyes, you cannot flow too fast;  
While you delay, what precious time is lost?  
'Tis done ! my tears have a prevailing force,  
And Heav'n's appeas'd, now stop their eager course.

Hieron,

Hieron. ad Paulam, Epist. 21.

*When man first sinn'd, he chang'd Eternity for Mortality, Ninety years, or thereabouts: But sin increasing by degrees, Mans life was contracted to a very short space.*

## XIV



*Oh! that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end. Deut. 32. 29.*

## XIV.

*Oh! that they were wise, that they understood  
this, that they would consider their latter-  
end. Deut. 32. 29.*

**S**Hame on besotted man, whose baffled mind  
Is to all dangers, but the *present*, blind!  
Whose thoughts are all employ'd on *mischief's* near,  
But *ills* remote, never fore-see, or fear.  
The *Soldier* is prepar'd before th'allarm,  
The Signal giv'n, 'twou'd be too late to arm:  
The *Pylot's* fore-sight waits each distant blast,  
And loses no *advantage* in his haste.  
Th'industrious *Hind* manures and sows the Field,  
Which he expects a plenteous Crop should yield:  
The lab'ring *Ant* in *Summer* stores at home  
Provision against *Age* and *Winter* come.

But,

But, oh ! what means Mans stupid negligence,  
 That of the *future* has no care or sense !  
 Does he expect *Eternity* below,  
 A life that shall no *alteration* know ?  
 He's much abus'd ; inevitable *Death*,  
 Tho it *delays*, will *one day* stop his breath :  
 Vain are the hopes the firmest Leagues produce  
 The Tyrant keeps no *Faith*, regards no *Truce* :  
 He does not to the Peace he makes incline,  
 To *take advantage* is his whole design :  
 To him *Alliance* is an empty name,  
 He does *all Int'rests*, but *his own*, disclaim.  
 Fiercely the greedy spoiler strikes at *all*,  
 A prey for his insatiate Jaws too small:  
 He tears ev'n *tender Infants* from the breast,  
 And wraps them in a Shroud, ere for the Cradle dress'd  
 Nor *Sex* nor *Age* the grim Destroyer spares,  
 Unmov'd alike by *Innocence* as *Years*.  
 Like *common Soldiers*, chief *Commanders* die,  
 And like *Commanders*, *common Soldiers* lie.  
 No shining Dust appears in *Cræsus* Urn,  
 Tho all he touch'd he seem'd to Gold to turn:

ence,

For boasts fair *Rachel's* face that Beauty here,  
 For which the *Patriarch* serv'd his twice-sev'n }  
 year, }  
 And never thought the pleasing Purchase dear:  
 Ev'n Dives here from *Laz'rus* is not known,  
 For now *One's* Purple, th'*Other's* Rags are gone:  
 Each has no Mansion but his narrow Cell,  
 Equal in colour, and alike in smell.  
 Why then shou'd man of such vain Treasure boast,  
 So difficultly gain'd, so eas'ly lost?  
 For, late or early, all resign their breath,  
 And bend pale *Victims* to their Conqu'ror Death:  
 Each Sex, each Age, Profession, and Degree,  
 Moves tow'rds this Centre of Humanity.

But did they not a farther Journey go,  
 And that to die were all they had to do ;  
 Cou'd but their Souls dissolve as fast away,  
 As their corrupting Carcasses decay ;  
 They'd covet Death to end their present cares,<sup>1</sup>  
 And for prevention of their future fears :

They'd

They'd to the *Grave*; as an *Asylum* run,  
 And *court* the stroke which now they wish to *shun*;  
 But *Death* (alas!) ends not their miseries,  
 The *Soul's immortal*, tho the *Body dies*.  
 Which, soon as from its Pris'n of Clay enlarg'd,  
 At Heav'n's Tribunal's *sentenc'd* or *discharg'd*.  
 Before an awful Pow'r, *just* and *severe*, (pear;  
 Round whose bright head consuming flames ap  
 The shackl'd Captive, dazl'd at his sight,  
 Dejected stands, and trembles with the fright;  
 While, with strict scrutiny, the God surveys  
 Its heart, and *close impieties* displays.  
 The wretch *convicted*, does its guilt *confess*,  
 Nor hopes for *mercy*, for *concealment* less;  
 While *He*, th' *Accuser*, *Judge*, and *Witness* too,  
 Damns it to an *Eternity of woe*;  
 Where, since no hope of an *Appeal* appears,  
 'Twou'd fain dissolve and drown it self in tears.

What terrors then seize the forsaken Soul;  
 That finds no *Patron* for a *Cause* so foul!

When it implores some *Mountain* to prevent,  
 a to *show* by a kind crush, its *shame* and *punishment*.

O wretched *Soul*, just *Judge*, hard *Sentence* too!  
 What hardn'd wretch dares sin, that thinks on *You*?  
 Yet here, (alas!) ends not the fatal grief,  
 (pear; there is another *Death*, another *Life*.  
 mes ap Life as boundless as *Eternity*;  
*Death* whence shall no *Resurrection* be.  
 What *Hell* of Torments shall in *This* be found?  
 With what a *Heav'n* of Joys shall *That* abound?  
*That*, fill'd with Musick of th'Angelick Choir,  
 shall the blest Souls with Extasie inspire;  
 While *This* disturb'd, at ev'ry hideous yell,  
 shall in the Damn'd raise a new dread of Hell:  
*That* knows no sharp excess of *cold* or *heat*,  
 in *This* the wretches always freeze or sweat:  
 ars. There reign *Eternal Rest*, and *soft Repose*;  
 Here, painful toil no end or measure knows.  
*That*, void of grief, does nought afflictive see;  
*This*, still disturb'd from trouble's never free.

O happy *Life*! O vast unequall'd *Bliss*!  
 O *Death* accurs'd! O endless *Miseries*!  
 Either to *That* or *This* we daily bend;  
 All our endeavours have no other end.  
 Be wise then, Man, nor let thy care be vain,  
 To shun the *Mis'ry*, and the *Bliss* obtain;  
 Give Heav'n thy *Heart*, if thou its *Crown* wou'd  
 gain.

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 3.

*What more lamentable and more dreadful can be thought of, than that terrible Sentence, Go? what more delightful, than that pleasing Invitation, Come? They are two words, of which nothing can be heard more affrighting than the One, nothing more rejoycing than the Other.*

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An G XV. My

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*My life is waxen old with heaviness,  
(and my years with mourning. Psal. 31. 11)*

*T. 80.*

## XV.

*My life is waxen old with heaviness, and my  
years with mourning. Psal. 31. 11.*

**W**Hat *lowring* Star rul'd my unhappy Birth,  
And banish'd thence all days of *ease* and  
*mirth*?

While expectation does delude my mind,  
Teas'd with vain hope some smiling hour to find :  
Yet still that smiling hour forbears to come,  
And sends a row of Mourners in its room.  
Opp'd alternate courses in each day,  
And that the *foul* to *fairer* wou'd give way :  
And as the Sun dispels the Clouds of Night,  
When he to Heav'n restores his welcom Light;  
As the Moons kind influence brings again  
The reflux motion of the low-ebb'd Main :  
I, with insuccesful *Augury*,  
Besag'd things so as I wou'd have them be:

But, oh ! my grief exceeds in *length* and *sum*  
 The *Widow's Tribute* at her *Husband's Tomb* :  
*She*, when the Author of her Joy is gone.  
 Is twice-six months confin'd to mourn alone ;  
 Yet the last half she does not, as before,  
 Hide her smooth Fore-head in a close Bendore.  
 But *all my years* are in deep mourning spent,  
 There's not a *month*, not *one short day* exempt.  
 No rules give *bounds* or *measure* to my woes,  
 But *their increase*, like the feign'd *Hydra's* grows  
 My life so much in sighs and tears is spent,  
 It minds *that least*, for which 'twas chiefly meant.

'Tis true, Storms often make the Ocean swell,  
 But the *most violent* are *shortest* still ;  
 For when with eager fury they engage,  
 They lose themselves in their excess of rage.  
 And when their *Winter-blasts* disrobe the Wood,  
 Their *Summer-airs* make all the trespass good :  
 So that, while thus the inj'ry they repair,  
 The loss proves *gainful* to the sufferer.  
 But grief does all my hapless years employ,  
 Nor grants me one *Paranthese* of Joy

My Musick is in *sighs* and *groans* exprest,  
 With my own hands extorted from my breast.  
 This *sad diversion* is my sole delight,  
 This my companion of the day and night:  
 How oft' have sighs, while I my words confin'd,  
 Broke Prison, and betray'd my troubl'd mind!  
 How oft' have I in tears consum'd the day,  
 And in complaints pass'd the long night away!  
 Oft' you, my Friends, condemn'd my sorrows so,  
 That oft' I labor'd to suppress them too:  
 Let loose the reins to mirth, you always cry'd;  
 To lose the reins, (alas!) in vain I try'd:  
 For when with laughter I a sigh suppress,  
 It rais'd a fatal conflict in my breast;  
 And if I wish for sleep to close my eyes,  
 Still a fresh show'r that envy'd bliss denies;  
 Then if I stop its course, impetuous grown,  
 It will force its way, and bear the Sluces down.  
 Each Brook, whose stream my tears have made to  
 rise;  
 Each shady Grove, fill'd with my mournful cries;

Each lonely Vale, and ev'ry conscious Hill;  
 The kind repeaters of my sorrows still;  
 These know, the troubles which I wish'd conceal'd;  
 Were by loud throbbings of my heart reveal'd;  
 Till, mov'd with pity of my sad complaint,  
 The *Ecchoes* too grew sorrowfully quaint:  
 My secret moans they vented o're again;  
 By turns we wept, and did by turns complain.

So, mov'd by *Progne's* lamentable Note,  
 Sad *Philomel* unlocks her mournful throat,  
 As if the *em'lous Rivals* were at strife  
 Whose tongue shou'd best express the height of grief  
 The *widow'd Turtle* so bewails her Mate,  
 With grief *unalterable*, as *his Fate*.  
 And so the Stars have my sad life design'd,  
 That not one minute shou'd be *fair or kind*.

And that my sorrows may not find relief,  
 By wanting *new occasions* for my grief,  
 'Tis their decree, That, *as my Infant-breath*  
*Began with sighs, so I shou'd sigh to death.*

Chrysoft. in Psal. 115.

*Ought we not worthily to lament, who  
are in a strange Countrey, and ba-  
nish'd to a Climate remote from our  
Native Soil?*

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DESIRES

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*My soul breaketh out for the very  
 fervent desire that it hath always  
 to thy Judgments. Psal: 119. 20.*

*P. 86*

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# DESIRES

OF THE

## Religious Soul,

---

BOOK *the Second.*

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### I.

*My soul breaketh out for the very fervent desire  
that it hath always unto thy Judgments.  
Psal. 119. 20.*

**W**Hile *Heav'n* and *Earth* sollicite me to love,  
My doubtful choice is puzz'd *which* t'ap-  
prove:

*Heav'n* cries, *obey*, while *Earth* proclaims, *be free* :  
*Heav'n* urges *duty*, *Earth* pleads *liberty*.

Call'd

Call'd hence by *Heav'n*, by *Earth* I'm call'd again  
 Toft, like a Veffel on the reftlefs Main :  
 Thefe diff'rent Wo'ers a doubtful Combat wage,  
 And thus *obstruct* the choice they wou'd engage.  
 Ah! tis enough ; let my long-haraft mind  
 In the *best choice* a quiet Haven find!  
 Oh! my dear God, or let me *never love*,  
 Or let me *only Thy commands approve* !  
 'Tis true, 'tis pleasant to be *free to choofe*,  
 And when we *will, accept* ; when *not, refuse*.  
 Freedom of choice endures *restraint* but ill,  
 'Tis *ufurpation* on th'unbounded will.  
 So, from his Harnefs loos'd, the neighing Steed  
 Hastes to the Pastures where he loves to feed ;  
 So the glad Ox, from the Ploughs burthen freed,  
 Runs lowing on to wanton in the Mead :  
 And when the Hinde their freedom wou'd revolt  
*This* scorns his *Harnefs*, *That* defies the *Y oak*.  
 For *freedom in our choice* we count a blifs ;  
 Eager to *choofe*, tho oft' we *choofe amifs*.  
 So the young *Prodigal*, impatient grown  
 To manage his entire *Estate alone*,

Takes from his prudent Father's frugal care  
 His Stock, by that improv'd and thriv'n there:  
 But his own Steward made, with eager haste  
 He does the slow-gain'd Patrimony waste,  
 Till starv'd by riot, and with want oppress'd,  
 He feeds with Swine, himself the greater Beast.  
 Thus in Destruction often we rejoyce,  
 Pleas'd with our ruin, since it was our choice.  
 How do we weary Heav'n with diff'rent Pray'rs!  
 The medly sure ridiculous appears:  
 One begs a Wife, nor thinks a greater bliss;  
 Another's earnest to be rid of his:  
 This prays for Children; That o're-stock'd, repines  
 At the too fruitful Issue of his Loins.  
 This asks his Father's days may be prolong'd;  
 That, if his Father lives, complains he's wrong'd:  
 This covets to be old; while That, oppress'd  
 With Age, wou'd of his burthen be releas'd.  
 Scarce in Ten thousand any Two agree;  
 Nay, some dislike what they just wish'd to be.  
 None knows this minute what he shou'd require,  
 Since ev'n the next begets a new desire:

So Women pine with various Longing-fits,  
 When Breeding has deprav'd their appetites ;  
 The humorfom impertinent Disease (pleas'd  
 Makes that which pleas'd them most, as much as

Oh! why, like them, grown restless with desire  
 Do my vain thoughts to boundless hopes aspire!  
 Be gone false hopes, vain wishes, anxious fears!  
 Hence, you disturbers of my peaceful years!  
 Oh! my dear God, or let me *never love*,  
 Or let me *only Thy commands approve* !  
 " *For to obey the Precepts giv'n by Thee,*  
 " *Exceeds the Worlds pretended liberty.*

Aug. Solil. cap. 12.

*Allure, O Lord, my desires with thy  
sweetness which thou hast hid from  
them that fear thee, that they may  
desire thee with eternal longings ;  
lest the inward relish, being decei-  
ved, may mistake bitter for sweet,  
and sweet for bitter.*

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II. O that

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II



*O that my ways were made so  
direct, that I might keep thy Statutes  
Psal: 119. 5.*

*P. 92.*

## II.

O that my ways were made so direct, that I  
might keep thy Statutes! Psal. 119. 5.

IN what a maze of Error do I stray, (way !  
Where various paths confound my doubtful  
This, to the right; That, to the left-hand lies:  
Here, Vales descend; there, swelling Mountains rise.  
This has an easie, That a rugged way;  
The treach'ry This conceals, That does betray.  
But whither these so diff'rent courses go,  
Their wandering paths forbid, till try'd, to know.  
Meander's stream a streighter motion steers,  
Tho with himself the wand'rer interferes.  
Not the fictitious Labyrinth of old  
Did in more dubious paths its guests infold;  
Here greater difficulties stay my feet,  
And on each road I thwarting dangers meet.

Nor

Nor I the diff'rent windings only fear,  
 (On which the Artift's skill did most appear)  
 But, more to heighten and increafe my dread,  
 Darknefs involves each gloomy ſtep I tread.  
 No friendly tracks my wandering footsteps guide  
 Nor previous feet th'untrodden ground have try'd  
 And tho (left on ſome fatal Rock I ſtray)  
 With out-ſtretch'd arms I grope my dusky way;  
 Yet dare I not, ev'n with *their help*, proceed,  
 But night and horror ſtop my trembling feet.  
 Like a ſtrange Trav'ler by the Sun forſook,  
 And in a road unknown by night o'retook,  
 In whoſe lone paths no neighb'ring Swains reſide,  
 No friendly Star appears to be his guide,  
 No ſign or track by human footsteps worn,  
 But ſolitary all, and all forlorn.  
 He knows not but each blindfold ſtep he treads  
 To ſome wild Deſart or fierce River leads:  
 Then his exalted voice does loudly ſtrain,  
 In hope of answer from ſome neighb'ring Swain;  
 Still, ſtill he calls, but ſtill (alas!) in vain,  
 Only faint *Ecchoes* answer him again.

Oh! who will help a wretch thus gone astray !  
 What friendly *Cynosure* direct my way!  
 A signal Cloud conducted *Israel's* flight,  
 By day their *cow'ring*, and their *guide* by night.  
 The *Eastern-Kings* found *Bethlem* too from far,  
 Led by the shining conduct of a Star ;  
 Nor cou'd they in their tedious journey err,  
 Who had so bright a fellow-traveller.

Be thou no less propitious, Lord, to me,  
 Since all my bus'ness is to worship Thee.  
 See how the wandering Croud mistake their way,  
 And, tost about by their own error, stray !  
 This tumbles headlong from an unseen Hill ;  
 That lights on a blind path, and wanders still.  
 This with more haste than speed goes stumbling on ;  
 That moves no faster than a Snail might run.  
 While to and fro another hasts in vain,  
 No sooner in the right, than out again.  
 Here one walks on alone, whose boasted skill  
 Invites another to attend him still,

Till among Thorns or miry Pools they tread ;  
*This* by his *guide*, *That* by *himself* misled.  
 Here *one* in a perpetual Circle moves,  
 While there *another* in a Lab'rinth roves ;  
 And when he thinks his weary ramble *done*,  
 He finds (alas!) he has but *just begun*.  
 Thus still the wandring Multitude does stray,  
 Scarce one of thousands *keeps* or *finds* the way.

Oh ! that my paths were all chalk'd out by Thee  
 From the deceits of baneful error free !  
 Till all my motion, like a *Dart's*, became  
*Swift* as its *flight*, *unerring* as its *aim* ;  
 That where thy Laws require me to obey,  
 I may not *loiter*, nor *mistake* the way.  
 Then be *Thou*, Lord, the *Bow*, thy *Law* the *Whistle*  
 And I the *Arrow* destin'd for the flight :  
 And when thou'rt pleas'd to shew thy greatest skill  
 Let *Me*, dear God, be thy *choice Arrow* still.

## Aug: Soliloq. cap. 4.

O Lord, who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, and the Life; in whom there is no Darknefs, Error, Vanity, nor Death. Say the word, O Lord, let there be Light, that I may see the Light, and shun the Darknefs; that I may find the right way, and avoid the wrong; that I may follow Truth, and fly from Vanity; that I may obtain Life, and escape Death.

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H 2

III. O hold

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*O. hold thou up my goings in thy  
paths, that my footsteps slipp  
not. Psal. 17. 5.*

## III.

*Hold thou up my goings in thy paths, that my  
footsteps slip not. Psal. 17. 5.*

What! will my faithless feet deceive me more,  
And make *false steps* upon the *even floor*?

Thou, who from Heav'n my motion dost approve,  
Grant me such strength, that I may *firmly move*.

The Eagles teach their unfledg'd young to fly,  
Practis'd in towring tow'rd the lofty Sky;

Till the *apt brood*, by *bold example* led,  
Perform the daring flight they us'd to *dread*.

Thus Boys, when first th'unusual stream they try,

With spongy Cork their weighty bodies buoy;

Till more improv'd, they their *first help* disown,

Ambitious now t'attempt the flood *alone*:

And thus, by *practice*, such *perfection* gain,  
To *sport* and *wanton* safely in the Main.

Thou, who from *Heav'n* observ'st our steps *below*,  
See by what arts thy Servant learns to go;  
While all my weight on this *slight Engine's* laid,  
I move the *Wheels* that do my motion aid.  
Thus feeble age, supported by a *Cane*,  
Is *tir'd* with *that* on which 'tis forc'd to *lean*.  
Mistake not, *Lord*, th'ambiguous terms I use,  
For of no failure I my *feet* accuse :  
I can perceive no imperfection *there*,  
No rocky ways, or thorny roads *they* fear :  
The weakness of my *mind* disturbs me most,  
Whose *languid feet* have all their motion lost :  
All its affections *lame* and *bedrid* are,  
(Those feet, alas! which shou'd its motion steer;)   
When it shou'd move in Virtues easie road,  
Alas! 'tis *tir'd* as soon as got abroad.  
Sometimes, but *rarely*, it renews the race,  
*And eagerly moves on, a Jehu's pace :*

But, weary of its journey, scarce begun,  
 Its boasted flame is all extinct, as soon  
 As a faint Lamp by the rude North-wind blown.  
 Yet, lest I shou'd too much my sloth betray,  
 I force my steps, and make some little way ;  
 But then am cautious not to be expos'd,  
 Lest I be thought too plentifully dos'd.  
 My reeling steps move an indented pace,  
 As 'twere a Cripple hopping o're a race.  
*I will, I won't, I burn*, all in a breath ;  
 And *that's* scarce out, e're *I'm as cold as death* :  
 And then, impatient at my fruitless pain,  
 Tir'd in the *mid-way*, I go back again :  
 Yet cannot then recover my first place,  
 The pleasant feat whence I began my race.  
 Toft, like a Ship on the tempestuous waves,  
 Which neither help of *Sails* nor *rowing* saves.  
 While with new vain attempts I try again,  
 And would repair the loss I did sustain,  
 The small success too manifestly proves  
 My fruitless labor in a circle moves.  
 Thus Slaves, condemn'd to ply a toilsom Mill,  
 Repeat the same returning motion still :

Tho

Tho still the *restless Engine's* hurry'd round,  
They by its haste gain not one foot of ground.

What shall I do, a stranger to the race,  
Whose lazy feet scarce move an *Asses* pace?  
*Heav'n* lies remote from this *mean Globe* below,  
None but the *swift* and *strong* can thither go;  
What then shall this my *slow-wheel'd Chariot* do?

Thou, *Lord*, mov'st nimbly o're the rugged way,  
Thy Gyant-feet are balk'd by no delay:  
*Thou* with a step dost *East* and *West* divide,  
And o're the world, like a *Colossus*, stride.

But with a *Tortoise*-motion I proceed,  
Or rather, like the *Crab*, am retrograde.  
How can I then hope to that *Goal* to run,  
Which 'tis the bus'ness of my life to shun?  
But do thou, *Lord*, my trembling feet sustain,  
Then I the *Race* and the *Reward* shall gain.

Amb. de fuga sæculi cap. i.

Who among so many troubles of the  
body, among so many allurements  
of the world, can keep a safe and  
unerring course?

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I V. My

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*My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy Judgments. Psal: 119. 120.*

*P. 104.*

## IV.

*My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am  
afraid of thy Judgments. Psal. 119. 120.*

A Dread of Heav'n was by the Ancients taught,  
As the first impress on Man's infant thought.  
And he who understood it best, has said,  
Tis the prime step that doest to Wisdom lead.  
Inform'd by this my early childhood grew,  
And to fear *Heav'n* was the first thing I knew:  
But still such dark *Oblivion* dull'd my mind,  
I could not the repeated *Alpha* find.  
No stripes can punish my neglectful crime,  
Who, *unimprov'd*, have trifled out my time.  
Dull Boys by stripes with Learning are inspir'd,  
By little pains, with *industry* acquir'd:  
When twice or thrice they read their Letters o're,  
They're as familiar as if known before:

And

And tho in *colour* all alike appear,  
 Each is distinguish'd by its *Character*.  
 May I not hope *Age* will compleat in me  
 The easie task of tender *Infancy*?  
 In many things I no *Instructor* sought,  
 Too apt (alas!) to practise them *untaught*.  
 Why is not *Fear* as soon imbib'd, a *Rule*  
 So oft' explain'd in *Arts Improving School*?  
 What I shou'd *flight*, still (to my shame) I *fear*,  
 And *flight* that *most*, which I shou'd *most* revere.  
 I *fear* *Mans eye* when I wou'd act a sin,  
 But *dread* not *Heav'n*, nor the great *Judg* within:  
 For my *gross body* I am still in fear,  
 But my *pure Soul* partakes not of my care.  
 Thus Birds *false men* of *Clouts* (affrighted) shun,  
 Yet boldly to the *fatal Lime-twigs* run.  
 Thus the fierce *Lion*, of *false fires* affraid,  
 Flies to the *Toils*, in which he is betray'd.  
 Such vanity has mens dark minds o'respread,  
 That less the *Thunder* than the *Clap* they dread;  
 Think *Hell* a *Fable*, an invented name,  
 And count its *Fire* a *harmless lambent flame*.

With brutish rage to blackest ills they run,  
 And never *fear* the wickedness, till done :  
 But tho this fear did not their Crimes *prevent*,  
 'Twill come, too sure, to be their *punishment*  
 Then with strange frights, from their *lost senses* driv'n,  
 Their restless thoughts run on offended Heav'n :  
 Then sudden fears their watchful limbs alarm,  
 And call them from their lonely beds to arm,  
 While their own shadows only do them harm. }  
 Each little thing's so magnify'd by fear,  
 They dread a *Lion*, when a *Mouse* they hear.  
 If in the night they hear a gentle breeze  
 Begin to whisper in the murmuring Trees,  
 With hair erect, and parboil'd in a sweat,  
 They shrink beneath the steaming Coverlet.  
 When're they see the nimble *Lightning* flie,  
 Or hear the *Thunder* in the distant Sky,  
 They think each *flash* a messenger of death,  
 And at each *crack* despair of longer breath ;  
 At every noise they in new fears engage,  
 And ruin from each accident preface.

Thus

Thus, always of its guilty self afraid,  
 The troubled mind's eternally dismay'd;  
 Such punishments attend afflicting guilt,  
 Which never pain like *its own torments* felt.  
*Thus trembling Cain dreads from each hand he sees*  
*The fate his injur'd Brother had from his.*  
*His crimson Soul, with Abel's Murther stain'd,*  
*Still with the bloody Scene is entertain'd.*  
 No more severe correction waits on sin,  
 Than its unbrib'd upbraider still within.

Then with thy Darts, Lord, frighten me from  
 My fury wants this kind restriction still.  
*Fear timely comes before a fault's begun,*  
*He fears too late, that fears not till 'tis done.*

Bernard. Serm. 29.

*The holy Psalmist desires wisely to be smitten, and healthfully to be wounded, when he prays to be transfix'd with the fear of God; for that fear is an excellent Dart, that wounds and destroys the lusts of the Flesh, that the Spirit may be safe.*

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V. O turn

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*O turn away mine eyes least  
they behold vanity. Psal. 109. 37.*

*P. 110*

V.

Turn away mine eyes, lest they behold vanity. Psal. 119. 37.

IN my high Capitol two Centries still  
Keep constant watch, to guard my Cittadel :  
Fix'd or wandering Stars, I do not know,  
No either epithet becomes them too;  
Each from its duty is in rambling lost;  
Each maintains immovably its post;  
Both swift of motion, yet both fix'd remain :  
That Sampson this dark Riddle can explain ?

Ev'n You, my Eyes, are these mysterious Stars,  
In my head, yet daily wanderers :

Who plac'd in that *exalted Tow'r* of mine,  
 Like Torches in some lofty *Pharos* shine;  
 Or like two Watch-men on some rising place,  
 View every near, and every distant pass.  
 Yet you to me less constant prove by far,  
 Than those kind Guides to their Observers are;  
 Their favours only with themselves expire,  
 Unless the hand that gave, recalls their fire.  
 Like Horses, *you*, too headstrong for the rein,  
 Will let no pow'r your rambling course restrain:  
*You*, by whose guidance we shou'd danger shun,  
 Betray us to the Rocks on which we run.  
 Thus wandering *Dina*, led by *your false light*,  
 Expos'd her Honor, to oblige her Sight.  
 Thus, while *Jessides* view'd the bathing Dame,  
 What cool'd her heat, kindl'd in him a flame;  
 Her naked Beauty did a conquest gain,  
 Which arm'd Goliath undertook in vain.  
 Thus gazing on the Hebrew Matrons eyes,  
 Made the *Assyrian's* head her easie prize.  
 Thus the fond Elders, by their *sight* misled,  
 Pursu'd the joys of a forbidden bed;

Nor cou'd their lustful flame be dispossess'd,  
Till with a show'r of weighty stones suppress'd.

More ruin'd Souls by these *false guides* are lost,  
Than shipwreck'd Vessels on the *Indian-Coast*.

Then happy he, happy alike and wife,  
Who made a timely *cov'nant* with his eyes!  
And happier he who did his guards *disband*,  
Born from their sockets by his fearless hand!

So ill, *false Centries*, you your charge perform,  
You favour *the surprize*, that shou'd the *Camp allarm*:  
And you for *this* the *Capitol* obtain?  
For *this* the charge of the *chief Castle* gain?  
That you have thus t'*inferior Earth* betray'd  
His lofty *Soul*, for nobler Objects made?  
And do not rather raise his thoughts on high,  
O'er the starry arches of the Sky?  
The *Theatre* will entertain his sight  
In various Scenes of suitable delight:

But you are more on *Earth* than *Heav'n* intent,  
And your industrious search is downward bent:

What shall I do, since *you* unruly grow,  
And will no limits, no confinement know?  
Oh! shut the wanderer's up in endless night,  
Or with thy hand, *dear God*, contract their sight.

Aug. Solil. cap. 4:

tent,  
bent.

?  
t,  
fight.

*Woe to the blind eyes that see not Thee,  
the Sun that enlightens both Hea-  
ven and Earth! woe to the dim  
eyes that cannot see Thee! woe to  
them that turn away their eyes  
from beholding Truth! woe to them  
that turn not away their eyes from  
beholding Vanity!*

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I 3

VI. O let

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*O let my heart be Sound in thy  
Statutes, that I be not ashamed.  
Psal. 119. 80. P. 116.*

## VI.

O let my heart be sound in thy Statutes, that  
I be not ashamed. Psal. 119. 80.

Cou'd I but hope my Face wou'd please my Dear,  
That shou'd be all my bus'ness, all my care :  
My first concern shou'd for Complexion be,  
The next, to keep my skin from freckles free :  
No help of Art, or Industry I'd want,  
No Beauty-water, or improving Paint.  
My Dressing-boxes shou'd with Charms abound,  
To make decay'd old flesh seem young and sound :  
With Spanish-wool, red as the blooming Rose,  
And Cerusse, whiter than the Mountain Snows:  
With all the Arts that studious Virgins know,  
Who on their Beauty too much pains bestow.  
Then I'd correct each error by my Glass,  
Till not one fault were found in all my face.

If on my brow one hair amiss I spy'd,  
 How wou'd I fret till it were rectify'd !  
 If my complexion were not always right,  
 'Twou'd be a *Nuisance* to my troubled sight.  
 If any motion did contract my brow,  
 I shou'd believe Time did my forehead plough.  
 Ev'n with each *Mole* t'offend thee I shou'd fear,  
 If of my Beauty thou hadst any care.  
 If in my face the smallest *Wart* shou'd rise,  
 I fear 'twou'd seem a *Mountain* in your eyes :  
 And the *least fault* to me wou'd great appear,  
 Lest it shou'd prove *offensive* to my Dear :  
 And every Grace which *Nature* has deny'd,  
 By *Art's* kind help shou'd amply be supply'd :  
 With *Tow'rs* and *Locks* I wou'd adorn my head,  
 And thick with *Jewels* my curl'd tresses spread:  
 With *double Pearls* I'll hang my loaded ears,  
 While my white neck vast *Chains of Rubies* wears;  
 Thus I among the *fairest* will be seen,  
 And dare vie *Beauty*, ev'n with *Sheba's Queen*.

But oh! no such *vain toys* affect *your mind*,  
 These meet with *no admirers*, but the *blind*,  
 Who in a *Dress* seek *Objects* of their love,  
 Which once *put off*, the *Beauty* does remove:  
 Thus the fond *Crowd's* caught by a *gay attire*,  
 The *only thing* indeed *they* find to *admire*.

But *You*, my *Love*, no *borrow'd Beauties* prize,  
 No *artificial Charms* attract *your eyes*.  
 Dear as *your own*, you rate a *spotless heart*,  
 And for *its sake* accept *each other part*.

Oh that my heart *unspotted* were, and *free*  
 From every *tincture* of *impurity* !  
 Then in *your favour* I shou'd make my *boast*,  
 And *bate each stain* by which it might be *lost*.

Hugo de S. Viçt. in Arrha animæ.

O *base and filthy spots*, why do you *stick so long*? *Be*  
*gone, depart*, and *presume no more* to offend my *Be-*  
*loved's sight*.

VII. Come



*Come my Beloved, let us go  
forth into the Fields, let  
us lodge in the Villages  
Cant. 7. 11.*

*P. 120.*

## VII.

*Come my Beloved, let us go forth into the  
Fields, let us lodge in the Villages. Cant.  
7. 11.*

Come, come, *my Love*, let's leave the busie  
throng,

We trifle *there* our precious time too long.

Come, let us hasten to some *lonely Grove*,

The *fittest Theatre* for *Scenes of Love*.

Strong Walls and Gates the City guard, 'tis true;

*But what* secures it *thus*, confines it too.

We'll reap the pleasures of the *open Field*,

Which does *security* with *freedom* yield.

What

What tho the *City-Tow'rs* the Clouds invade,  
 And o're the *Fields* project their lofty shade?  
 Yet *thence* Content has made a far retreat,  
 And chose the *bumble Cottages* its seat ;  
 And the remotest *Solitude* enjoys  
 The blessing of *more quiet*, and *less noise*.  
 Come then, *my Love*, and let's retire from *hence*,  
 And leave *this busie fond impertinence*.  
 See ! ev'n the Cities eldest Son and Heir,  
 Who gets his *Gold*, his dear-lov'd Idol, *there* ;  
 Yet in the *Countrey* spends his *City-gains*,  
 And makes *its pleasures* recompence *his pains* :  
 And tho the *City* has his *publick voice*,  
 The *Countrey* ever is his *private choice*.  
 Here still the *Rich*, the *Noble*, and the *Great*,  
 Unbend their minds in a secure retreat ;  
 And *Heav'ns free Canopy* yields more delight  
 Than *gilded Roofs* and *Fret-work*, to the sight ;  
 Nor can *fenc'd Cities* keep the mind in peace,  
 So well as *open guardless Villages*.

Come then, *my Love*, let's from the *City* haste,  
Each minute we spend *there*, is so much waste.

I have a *Countrey-Farm*, whose fertile ground  
Soft murmuring Brooks and chrystal Streams sur-  
bence, round ;

A better *Air* or *Soil* were never known,  
Nor more convenient distance from the Town :

Hither, *my Love*, if thou wilt take thy flight,  
The *City* will no more thy sense delight,  
Driv'n from thy thoughts as quickly as thy sight. }

Herein the shades I will *my Dear* caress,  
At leisure to receive my kind Address.

Here, from the *City* and its *Tumults* free,  
I shall enjoy more than my self, in *Thee*.  
No bus'ness shall invade our pleasure here,  
No rude disturber of our sports appear.

Here thou *thy secret passion* shalt reveal,  
And whisper in my ear the pleasing tale ;  
While in requital I disclose *my flame*,  
And in the fav'ring Shades conceal my shame.

Here,

Here, like kind *Turtles*, we will bill and cooe,  
*For here, to love is all we have to do.*

Oh ! cou'd I see that happy happy day !

I know no blifs beyond, for which to pray

Then to the *Countrey* let us, *Dear*, repair,

*For Love thrives best in the clear open air.*

Hieron. Ep. ad Hesiod. i.

*What dost thou? how long do the  
shadows of the houses confine thee?  
how long does the Prison of the  
smoaky City shut thee up? Believe  
me, I see some greater Light, and  
am resolv'd to throw off the burthen  
of the Flesh, and fly to the splendor  
of the purer air.*



*Draw me, wee will run after  
thee (in the Saviour of thy  
Oyntments.)*

*Cant. 1.3.*

*P. 126.*

(127)  
VIII.

*Draw me, we will run after thee, (in the sa-  
vour of thy Oyntments.) Cant. 1. 3.*

See how my feeble Limbs, now giv'n in vain,  
Increase the burthen which they shou'd sustain;  
While, weary of my hated life, I lie;  
A faint resemblance of what once was I.  
My head, deprest with its own weight, hangs low,  
And to themselves my Limbs a burthen grow.  
In various postures still I seek for ease,  
But find at last not any one to please.  
Now I wou'd rise, now wish my self in bed,  
Now with my hands support my drooping head:  
Now on my back, now on my face I lie,  
And now for rest on either side I try:  
And when my bed I've tumbled restless o're,  
I'm still th'un easie wretch I was before.

K

Thus

Thus hinder'd by my *own Infirmary*,  
 Tho fain I wou'd, I cannot follow thee.  
 Then wilt thou go, and leave me *destitute*?  
 Canst thou not stay, at least to hear my suit?  
 Thus *Soldiers* from their *wounded Comrades* fly  
 At an allarm of any danger nigh.  
*Unnat'ral Mothers* thus their *Babes* disclaim,  
 Urg'd to the sin by *poverty* or *shame*.  
 Stretch, *Lord*, thy hand, and thy *weak follower* me  
 Or if not reach thy hand, yet stay thy feet.

The grateful *Stork* bears o're the spacious Flo  
 Its *aged Dam*, and triumphs in the load :  
 The *Doe* supports her *tender swimmers* weight,  
 And minds *her self* less than her *dearer freight*.

But You, *fair fugitive*, forsake your *Love*,  
 And shun the burthen you shou'd *most approve*  
 Yet I'll not *hinder* or *retard* your haste,  
 If you but *draw me*, I shall follow fast :  
 And tho now *bedrid*, in a little space  
 I'll rise, and move along a *Lover's* pace :

Nor shall you need a *Whip* to drive me on,  
 Free and unurg'd, close at your back I'll run:  
*As, when at your command the Net was thrown,*  
*The eager Fish did gladly to it run,*  
*And, unconcern'd, their own destruction sought,*  
*So much 'twas their ambition to be caught.*

Pleasure and Sense do all mankind misguide,  
 Some by their eyes, some by their ears are ty'd:  
 I seek not, Lord, my eyes or ears to please,  
 Th' Arabian sweets sute best with my Disease.  
 Thy Tresses of the balmy Spikenard smell,  
 And from thy Head the richest Oyls distill.  
 Choice fragrant scents from thy moist Temples flow,  
 And on thy Lips still dwells a Myrrhy Dew.  
 Thou breath'st the Odors of the spicy East,  
 And in fresh Roses all thy words are drest.  
 Thy iv'ry Neck sweats richest Frankincense,  
 And ev'ry part does some rare scent dispence.  
 Whate're Perfumes in the vast World are found,  
 In a rich Compound mix'd, in Thee abound.

Such, such a scent fill'd the *blest Virgins Room*,  
 When Thou, *the Flow'r of Jesse*, beganst to bloom.

Oh! might this *Odor* bless my *longing sense*,  
 How wou'd it cure my *feeble Impotence*!  
 I soon shou'd conquer all my languishment,  
 And briskly follow the *attracting scent*.  
 And my *Companions* the same course wou'd move,  
 As the *whole Flock* waits on th'*anointed Dove*.

Gilbert. in Cant. Hom. 18.

*Love is a Cord that holds fast, and  
draws affectionately, whose words  
are so many allurements. Nothing  
holds faster than the band of Love,  
nothing attracts more powerfully.*



*O that thou wert as my brother, that  
Sucked the breasts of my mother, when I  
should find thee without, I would kiss thee,  
yet I should not be despised. Cant. 8. 1.*

*P. 132.*

## IX.

*O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the  
breasts of my mother; when I should find thee  
without, I would kiss thee, yet I should not  
be despised. Cant. 8. 1.*

**W**Ho will enoble my unworthy Race,  
And *Thy great Name* among the numbers  
place?

Nor wish I this to raise my Pedigree,  
Contented with my mean obscurity.

Yet, tho *my Blood* wou'd be a stain to *Thine*,  
Still I must wish we had *one Parent-line*.

Nor wou'd I have thee grown to those brisk years  
When first the budding downy beard appears;

But still an *Infant*, hanging on the breast,  
The same which I before have often prest:

A *Brother such* wou'd my ambition choose,  
If *elder*, I thy converse must refuse.

Then, *Dear*, vouchsafe a *second Birth*, that I  
May rock thy Cradle with a lullaby.

Children have pretty, pleasant, gaining arts,  
Above the *elder sort*, to win our hearts;  
And tho each age wou'd its own merit prove,  
*Childhood* is still most prevalent in *Love*:  
Besides, my wish is for *Enjoyment-sake*,

For thus I can thy presence best partake,  
Then, *Dear*, vouchsafe a *second Birth*, that I  
May rock thy Cradle with a lullaby.

Then my *Enjoyment* wou'd be full and free,  
And all my bus'ness shou'd be tending Thee.  
My arms all day shou'd bear thy grateful weight,  
And be thy safe enclosure all the night.

When thy soft Cheeks or ruddy Lips I'd kiss,  
No fear or shame shou'd interrupt the bliss;  
For none a *Sister's kindness* can upbraid,  
At least when to an *Infant-Brother* paid:  
And tho on thy soft Lips long time I'd dwell,  
Sure a *chaste kiss* can never be but well.

Then condescend my *Brother* to become,  
Dear as the off-spring of my *Parents Womb*.

What wou'd I do to make my transport known ?  
 What wou'd I *do* ? what wou'd I *leave undone* ?  
 How oft' wou'd I, by stealth, ev'n *when forbid*,  
 Stand all night Centry by the *Cradle-side* !  
 How num'rous shou'd my services become,  
 Ev'n till, perhaps, they were thought *troublesom* !  
 For when my Mother took thee from the breast,  
 My *arms* shou'd with the *next remove* be blest :  
 Or if she will'd to carry thee abroad,  
 Still I wou'd bear the acceptable load :  
 Or wou'd she have thee in the *Cradle* lie,  
 I'd gently rock thee with a *lullaby*.  
 If she to take the *low'd employment* went  
 My *eager haste* shou'd *her design* prevent :  
 But when she wou'd intrust thee to my care,  
 And going forth, leave me to tend *my Dear* ;  
 How great wou'd be the pleasure of my charge !  
 How wou'd I then indulge my self at large !  
 Thy *Face-cloth* soon I softly wou'd remove,  
 Eager t'enjoy th'object of my Love ;  
 And, favour'd by the most commodious light,  
 Feast on thy *lovely face* my longing sight.

Thy head shou'd on my *left-hand* gently rest,  
 While with my *right* I bound thee to my breast;  
 And then so lightly I wou'd steal a *kiss*,  
 It shou'd not interrupt thy *sleeping bliss*.  
 Then, *Dear*, be pleas'd a *second Birth* t'allow,  
 That on thy *Cheeks* my lips may pay their vow.  
 And as thy growth renders thy *Organs* strong,  
 And thou beginn'st to use thy loos'd tongue;  
 Then thou, *my Love*, shalt my small Pupil be,  
 And as I *speak*, shalt *stammer* after me :  
 And when thou dost the help of arms refuse,  
 And dar'st attempt the *Hobby-horse* to use ;  
 I'll teach thee safely how to prounce along,  
 And keep thy nimble footsteps firm and strong,  
 And if some naughty stone offend thy feet,  
 My ready arms their stumbling charge shall meet  
 Pleas'd with a *frequent opportunity*  
 Of thus *receiving* and *embracing Thee* :  
 Nor shall I any *recompence* regard,  
 The pleasing *Service* is its own *Reward*.

Bonavent. Solil. cap. 1.

*was ignorant, O sweet Jesu, that thy  
Embraces were so pleasant, thy Touch  
so delightful, thy Conversation so  
diverting ; for when I touch Thee,  
I am clean ; when I receive Thee,  
I am a Virgin:*

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X. By



*By night on my bed, I sought him whom  
my soul loveth, I sought him, but I  
found him not. Cant. 3. 2.*

*P. 138.*

By night  
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## X.

*By night on my Bed, I sought him whom my  
Soul loveth, I sought him, but I found him  
not. Cant. 3. 1.*

Treat not of inferior mortal fires,  
But chasteſt ſighs, and moſt ſublime deſires ;  
As Bodies, ſo the Minds their flames receive,  
But ſtill the groſſer for the Bodies leave.  
The gen'rous fire that's kindled in the Mind,  
That does alone Loves ſecret Pleaſures find.  
What nobler flames the loſty Souls inſpire !  
How are they rais'd to more refin'd deſire !  
In what Divine Embraces do they joyn !  
What pious hands their mutual Contracts ſign !  
How raviſhing's the pleaſure of the Bed ;  
With what unſpeakable delights 'tis ſpread,  
Where the chaſt Soul in her Beloved's arms,  
And He in Hers, improve their mutual Charms !

The

The Bed on which such happy Lovers rest,  
Is *downy peace in its own quiet blest.*

*Here* I was wont, when care drove sleep away  
Pregnant with thought, to watch the dawning day  
*Here* the dear *He* that stole my *Virgin-hearts*  
Did oft' to me his *Bosom-cares* impart:  
Then, then a sacred flame my Soul possesst,  
And no less heat reign'd in his amorous breast:  
In silence then we made our mute complaint,  
And our dumb grief was prevalently quaint.  
But *now*, nor know I why, my Love's estrang'd  
I fear some fault of mine his mind has chang'd:  
For, a whole day he has not blest my sight,  
Nor (*which he never us'd*) return'd at night.  
Does this imply a *fickle change of mind*,  
Or that he does some *better Mistress* find?  
How sadly I in tears and discontent  
The tedious night of his griev'd absence spent:  
'Twas now become the dead low ebb of night,  
And sleep had barr'd up close my weary sight;

When a loud voice surpriz'd my trembling ear,  
 And call'd, *Rise, sluggard, see your Love's not here*  
 Straight I awake, and rub my sleepy eyes,  
 Then the forsaken house I fill with cries:  
 Sleep'st thou, *my Love*? but answer I had no  
 For *He*, (alas!) to whom I spoke, was *gone*.  
 Soon with a lighted torch his steps I trace,  
 And wish I ne're had seen *them* nor his *face*.  
 Then on the guiltless Bed begin t'exclaim,  
 Ask where *my Love* is, and its silence blame.  
 Distracted then I search the Chamber round,  
 But what I sought was no where to be found.  
 What tumults then were rais'd within my breast,  
 Who once on *Peace's* downy Bed did rest!  
 What raging storms then tost my troubled mind  
 Unus'd to Tempests of that boistrous kind!  
 With pain my heavy eyes to Heav'n I raise,  
 And scarce my lips can open in its praise;  
 My former strength in sacred Conflicts fails,  
 And what was once *my sport*, my Soul bewails:  
 For while success crown'd my untroubled head,  
 On Golden Peace I made my easie Bed:

Then,

(145)  
Then, like a *boasting Soldier*, raw and young,  
Who always is victorious with his tongue,  
I wish'd to exercise some *Tyrant's* rage,  
Or in some *glorious hazard* to engage.  
So warm a heat within my blood did play,  
While on the easie bed of Peace I lay :  
But when this *heat* forsook me with my *Love*,  
Colder than *Scythian Frosts* my Blood did prove.  
So *Flow'rs*, which gentle *Zephyrs* kindly rear,  
Nipt by *cold Frosts*, decay and disappear : (fire  
So *Lamps* burn bright, while th'*Oyl* maintains the  
But as *that* ceases, languish and expire.

Alas ! my *Love*, I sought thee in our *Bed*,  
Who on the *Cross* hadst laid thy weary head :  
*Peace* was my *Bed*, while the curst *Cross* was *Thine*  
I shou'd have sought Thee by *that fatal sign*.  
Much time I lost in seeking thee around,  
But sought thee where thou wert not to be found.

Creg. in Ezek. hom. 19.

*We seek our Beloved in Bed, when in  
any little rest of this present life,  
we sigh with a desire of our Redeemer.  
We seek him by night, because  
tho now the Mind is watchful in  
him, yet the Eye still is dark.*

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L

XI. *I will*

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*I will rise, and go about the City in the  
Streets, and in the broad ways, I will  
seek him whom my Soul loveth, I sought  
him, but I found him not. Cant. 3. 2.*

*P. 144.*

## XI.

*will rise, and go about the City in the streets,  
and in the broad ways I will seek him whom  
my Soul loveth: I sought him, but I found  
him not. Cant. 3.2.*

**A**T last, tho late, my error does appear,  
Had I search'd well I sure had found my Dear;  
thought him wrapt in soft repose, in Bed,  
 easing his troubled breast, and thoughtful head;  
 but there (alas!) my Love I cou'd not find,  
 no such indulgence was for him design'd.

Alas! my Life, alas! what shall I do?  
 how can I rest or sleep depriv'd of You?  
 tho a thousand Rivers murmuring noise  
 cou'd court me to it with one lulling voice;  
 or tho as many whisp'ring Groves conspire,  
 and joyn the Music of their feather'd Choir.

Scarce do I close my weary eyes to sleep,  
 When *grief* injoyns me a strict watch to keep:  
 My *eyes* no night, no night my *thoughts* do know  
 Or if they do, each tedious hour seems *two* :  
 If ever sleep indulge my misery,  
 My *sleeping thoughts* are all imploy'd on *Thee* :  
 Why then shou'd wretched I desire repose,  
 Since sleep no other benefit bestows ?

My *Bed* I quit, and ranging all the Town,  
 move as *chance* or *reason* leads me on :  
 Each corner search, and hope in each to find  
 The *dearest Object* of my *eyes* and *mind* :  
 No place escapes me, none so *private* lies,  
 To cheat th'enquiry of my *curious eyes*.  
 The eager Hound thus close his Game pursues,  
 While the *warm scent* directs his *ready nose* :  
 Thro Woods and Thickets, Bri'rs and Thorns, he runs  
 No *danger* dreads, or *inconvenience* shuns.  
 Thus once the weeping *Magdalen* did roam  
 To find her *Lord*, when musing in his *Tomb*.

What *that* denies, she hopes the *City* yields ;  
 But *there* not found, she seeks him in the *Fields* ;  
 No *man unmask'd*, no *place unsearch'd*, remain'd,  
 Till the *dear Treasure* which she *sought* was *gain'd*.  
 Thus the griev'd *Dam* for her robb'd *Nest* complains,  
 And fills the *Forest* with her mournful strains ;  
 About the *Tree* enrag'd she flies, and now  
 Lights on the top, now takes her seat below ;  
 Then to her fellows sadly does relate  
 Her *injurious steals*, and her *lost Off-springs Fate*.  
 Thus have I search'd thro' ev'ry *lane* and *street*,  
 But what I *sought* (alas!) I cou'd not *meet*.  
 Safe *lanes* ! and hateful *streets* ! whose ev'ry road  
 My weary feet so oft in vain have trod.  
 I mist *my Love* in bed, and sought him *there* ;  
 But sought *amiss*, and still must want *my Dear*.

Amb. de Virg. lib. 3.

*Christ is not found in the Courts nor in the Streets ;*  
*Christ is no frequenter of the Courts. Christ is Peace,*  
*in the Courts are Contentions : Christ is Justice,*  
*in the Courts is Iniquity, &c. Let us shun the*  
*Courts, let us avoid the streets.*



*(Saw you him whom my Soul loveth? It  
was but little that I past from them, but I  
found him whom my Soul loveth: I held  
him, and would not let him go. Cant: 3. 4*

## XII.

Law you him whom my Soul loveth? It was  
but a little that I past from them, but I  
found him whom my Soul loveth: I held  
him, and wou'd not let him go. Cant. 3. 3, 4.

Is there a corner left in all the Town,  
Which in my weary search I have not known?  
With lighted torches every street was bright,  
Nor did I ev'n the *meanest alleys* flight.  
Alas! what ground did I not travel o're,  
Till ev'n the City had not any more?  
But why shou'd I this *fruitless* toil approve,  
Since all my seeking does not find my Love?  
Then, hopeless, back my pensive course I steer'd,  
But still no tidings of my *Lover* heard,  
When I at last approach'd the City-gate,  
There a strong *Guard* in constant Watch did wait:

Said I, *Perhaps my Love is hidden here :*  
 And then I ask'd them *if they saw my Dear.*  
 They laugh'd, and my enquiry did deride,  
 And *whose your Love ?* one of the Centries cry'd:  
*Has he no name by which he may be known ?*  
*How can we tell, since you have gi'v'n us none ?*  
 Excuse, *said I,* my rude simplicity,  
 I thought him known to all the *World,* as *me :*  
 And that our *Love,* so much the talk of Fame,  
 Had made it needless to declare his *name ;*  
 And tho you wou'd pretend this ign'rance now,  
 I'm confident you cannot choose but know :  
 Then pray be pleas'd in *earnest* to declare  
 If you have seen him lately passing here :  
*Him,* whom above my *Life* I dearly prize,  
 And Him, who values *me* above his *eyes ?*  
 Say, *when he went, what stay he made with you,*  
*And whither he pretended he wou'd go ?*  
 Took he the *right-hand,* or the *left-hand* way ?  
 Was he *alone,* or had he *company ?*  
 The sportful Watch, regardless of my cares,  
 Answer with laughter, and deride my tears.

From *them* I go, hopeless *my Love* to find,  
 While Tides of woe o'whelm'd my sinking mind.  
 But while my thoughts were thus oppress'd with grief,  
 And nothing hop'd less than such blest relief;  
*My Love*, the same I sought the City round,  
 Now, *unexpected* and *unsought*, was found.

Lost between *joy* and *fear* in the surprize,  
 I durst not well give credit to my eyes.  
 And *have I thee again*? I wou'd have cry'd,  
 But as I strove, my faultring tongue deny'd.  
 As when some frightned Wife sees by her bed  
 Her Husband, long by fame reported dead;  
 Amaz'd to see what she had giv'n for lost,  
 She flies his touch, and takes him for a Ghost:  
 Nor dares she, till by his *known voice* assur'd,  
 The sight of what she most desires endure:  
 And still she fears lest she *too easie* prove,  
 Betray'd to this *credulity* by *Love*.  
 Thus while I trembling stand, again I try,  
 Again *my Life* salutes my joyful eye.

Toft between *doubt*, and *hope*, and *love*, and *fear*,  
 Are you *my Love*, I cry, or in *his shape* appear?  
*My Dear* !---- ah no! alas! you are not *He* ;  
 Yet fure you are:---Yes, yes, you are, I fee.  
*My Love*, *my Life*, I fee and know you now,  
 My fecret *Ecftafie* discovers you.  
 Pleas'd with your *voice*, and ravish'd with your *face*,  
 I fly unask'd to your belov'd embrace.  
 Thus, thus I'll bind you to me, and prevent  
 A *second fearch*, the *Soldiers merriment*.  
 O that my arms were *Chains*, and each part elfe,  
 Feet, hands and all, were *Gives* and *Manacles*!  
 Then with a triple band *my Love* I'd bind,  
 Clofe as the *Elm* is by the *Vine* entwin'd ;  
 The fnaky *Ivy* does not clofer crawl  
 About the ruins of its dear-lov'd *Wall*.  
 And while my bufie hands your neck inclofe,  
 Think that *no burthen* which their *kindnefs* fhews.  
 Remember, *Love*, you have been abfent long,  
 And time that *did it*, muft *repair* the wrong :  
 But of the recompence you foon complain,  
 And e're my Joys *commence*, are gone again.

But hold ;--- you must not think to fly me so ;  
First force your way, and if you conquer, go.

Beda in Cant. cap. 3.

*When I had found him, I held him so much  
the faster, by how much the longer I was in  
finding him.*

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XIII. *But*

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But it is good for me to hold me  
fast by God, to put my trust in the  
Lord God. *Psal. 73. 27.* *P. 154.*

## XIII.

*But it is good for me to hold me fast by God, to  
put my trust in the Lord God. Psal. 73. 27.*

**T**Hro what strange turns of fortune have I past?  
Just as a *Ball* from hand to hand is tost.  
*Wars* loud alarms were first my sole delight,  
And hope of *Glory* led me out to fight:  
*Arms* rais'd my courage, *Arms* were all my care,  
As if I had no other bus'ness here.  
Of't with a *Song* I past my tedious hour,  
While I stood *Centry* on some lofty *Tow'r*:  
Of't I the *Enemies designs* betray'd,  
And shew'd *their motions* by the *signs* I made.  
I learnt t'*intrench a Camp*, and *Bulwarks* rear,  
With all the skill of a good *Engineer*.  
I ever forward was, and bold in fight,  
And did to action the faint *Troops* excite.

None

None better understood the *Arts of War*,  
 None more the *Soldiers* or *Commanders* care:  
 Oft' in the *Lybian Desarts* did I sweat,  
 Tir'd with the Sand, and melted with the heat;  
 Choak'd with the dust, yet not a River nigh,  
 The place as little moisture had as I.

How oft' have I swam mighty Rivers o're,  
 With heavy Armour loaden, tir'd, and fore?  
 And still my Sword across my mouth I laid,  
 Whene're I did the adverse stream invade.  
 Thus long the Camp has had my company,  
 A *Footman* first, now of the *Cavalry*.  
 My *Breast-plate* has ten shots of Arrows born,  
 And with no less my *Head-piece* has been torn.  
 Thrice was My *Horse* shot under me, my *Crest*  
 Four times struck off, and I as oft' distress.  
 Yet boldly I expos'd my self to harm,  
 And in my *En'mies blood* my hand was warm.  
 But on my *back* I did no wounds receive,  
 My ready *breast* met all my *Foes* durst give:

For boldly against *Fire* and *Sword* I stood,  
 And flights of *Arrows* which the Sky did cloud:  
 On heaps of men, slain by *my Sword*, I trod,  
 And as I mov'd, my way with *Corps* I strow'd.  
 But yet the man that did *these Conquests* gain,  
 Cou'd not, with *all his pow'r*, his *wish* obtain;  
 With all his *Lawrels won*, and *Foes o'recome*,  
 His *Crowns deserv'd*, and *Trophies too brought home*:  
*One fault* did *all his former Triumphs* blast,  
 And blotted out their memory at last.  
 The *General* cashier'd me with a word,  
 And o're my head broke *my once useful Sword*.  
 And thus in *publick scorn* my *Fame* expir'd,  
 With the *dear purchase* of my *Blood* acquir'd.  
 O my dear God! had I born arms for *Thee*,  
*Thy favour* had not thus *deserted me*.  
 All *my desires* are firmly plac'd on *Thee*,  
 And *there* secure as *Ships* at *Anchor* lie.  
 Behind *thy Altar* then I'll lay *my Arms*,  
 And bid a long adieu to *War's allarms*.  
 But soon my mind on *Gain* was all intent,  
*Gain* to my thoughts such sweets did represent.

A *Ship* I bought, which when I freighted well,  
 Abroad I steer'd, to *purchase*, and to *sell*.  
 In both the *Indies* I expos'd my *Ware*,  
 No *Port* was known but I had *trafique* there :  
 For from *small Ventures*, large *Acquests* to gain,  
 Was all the busie study of my brain.  
*Wealth* now came flowing in with such a Tide,  
 It wou'd not in my *straitned Chests* abide.  
 My *Ships* came loaden from the *Indian-shoar* ;  
 But *next return* they *perish'd* at my door.  
 My *Books* with *Debtors* names still larger grew ;  
 But *they forswore*, and so I lost my *due*.  
 And thus, like *Salt*, my *Wealth*, got by the *Sea*,  
 Did, in the place of its *acquest*, *decay*.

How peaceful is the man, and how secure,  
 Whom *War* did ne're *delight*, nor *Gain* allure !  
 No more shall *Gain* my cheated fancy please,  
 That cannot purchase one short minutes ease.  
 What shall I do, since my attempts are vain ?  
 In *War*, no *Fame* ; in *Trade*, no *Wealth* I gain.

Then to the *Court* I hastily repair,  
 My *Fame* as soon finds kind reception *there*.  
 I'm brought before the *King*, and kiss his hand,  
 He likes my *Person*, gives me a *Command*.  
 Now grown his *Fav'rite*, I have all his ear ;  
 Whate're I *Speak*, he eagerly does *bear* :  
 And to *new Honors* does me still advance,  
 Not the effect of *merit*, but of *chance*.  
 But, whether *his mistake*, or *my desert*,  
 I am indear'd, and wound into his heart.  
 O'er in discourse we spent the busie day,  
 And ne're regarded how it past away.  
 Nay, without *me*, he wou'd not *play*, nor *eat*,  
 My *presence* gave a *relish* to his meat :  
 No *Fav'rite* e're was dearer to his *Prince* ;  
 No *Prince* such *Favours* ever did dispense.  
*Janus* rul'd not thus his Master's heart ;  
 His wary Lord allow'd him but a part :  
 For *Clytus* self cou'd greater *Honors* have,  
 No the *Worlds Conqueror* was almost his *Slave*.  
 His new advancement pleas'd my thoughts, 'tis true,  
 For there are *secret charms* in all things new.)

The *Courtiers* envy, and the *Crowds* admire,  
 To see the King *my company* desire.  
 But, oh! on *Kings* 'tis folly to depend,  
 Whose *Pow'r*, much more their *Favours*, quickly end.  
 The King to *frowns* does all his *smiles* convert,  
 And as he lov'd, so hates, without desert.  
 His *favour* fowr's to rage, and I am sent  
 Far from my Native Soil to *Banishment*.  
*My fall* to Hist'ry adds one story more,  
 A story I for ever must deplore.  
*Sejanus* had not a severer fate,  
 Nor *Clytus* happiness a shorter date.  
 O God! how great is their security,  
 Whose hopes and wishes all rely on thee!

(161)

Aug. in Psal. 36.

For sake all other Loves ; he is fairer  
who created Heaven and Earth.

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M 2      XIV. I fate

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Aug



*I sate down under his shadow (whom I  
loved) with great delight. Cant. 2. 3.*

*P. 162.*

## XIV.

*I sat down under his shadow (whom I loved)*  
*with great delight. Cant. 2. 3.*

IN a long journey to an unknown Clime,  
 Much ground I travel'd, & consum'd much time;  
 Till weary grown, computing in my mind,  
 I thought the shortest of my way behind.  
 But when I better had survey'd the race,  
 I found there still remain'd the longer space.  
 Then my faint limbs grew feeble with despair,  
 Discourag'd at a journey so severe:  
 With hands and eyes erect, I vent my grief  
 To Heav'n, in hope from Heav'n to find relief.

Oh! who will shade me from this scorching heat!  
 See on my head how the fierce Sun-beams beat!  
 While by their fervor parch'd, the burning Sand  
 Wounds my gall'd feet, and forces me to stand.

Then, then I praise the Groves, and shady Bow'rs  
 Blest with cool Springs, and sweet refreshing Flow'rs  
 Then with th'expanded *Poplar* wou'd o'respread,  
 Or leafy *Apple* shade my weary head.

The God whose aid I oft' had sought before,  
 As often found, now adds this favour more.  
 Whither your hast designs, *says he*, I know ;  
 Know *what* you want, and *how* you want it too.  
 I know you seek *Jerusalem* above,  
 Thither your life and your endeavours move :  
 But with the tedious *Pilgrimage* dismay'd,  
 Implore refreshment from the *Apple's* shade.  
 See, see, I come to bring your pains relief !  
 Beneath *my shadow* ease your weary grief.  
 Behold my arms stretch'd on the fatal *Tree*,  
 With these extended boughs I'll cover thee.  
 Behold my *bleeding feet*, my *gaping side*,  
 In these free Coverts thou thy self maist hide.  
 This shade will grant thee thy desir'd repose,  
*This Tree alone for that kind purpose grows.*

Thus spoke the God, whose favour thus exprest,  
 With *strength* inspir'd my limbs, with *hope* my breast.  
 I rais'd my eyes, and there *my Love* I spy'd;  
 But, oh! *my Love*, *my Love* was crucify'd!  
 What dreadful Scene is this (alas!) I cry'd!  
 Must I beneath this dismal shade abide!  
 What comfort can it yield to wretched me,  
 While *Thou* art hung on this *accursed Tree*! (set!  
 Curs'd *Tree*! and more curs'd *hand* by which 'twas  
 The bloody stains are *reeking* on it yet!  
 Yet this high *Tree* projects its spreading boughs,  
 And with its cooling shade invites repose:  
 Yet what it offers still it self denies,  
 And more to *tears* than *sleep* inclines my eyes.

*Blest Tree!* and *happy hand* that fix'd thee here!  
 That hand deserves the honor of a *Star*!  
 Now, now, *my Love*, I thy resemblance know,  
 My cool, kind, shady residence below.  
 As the large Apple spreads its loaden boughs,  
 From whose rare Fruit a pleasing Liquor flows:

And

And, more than all its fellows of the Wood,  
 Allows the *weary rest*, the *hungry food* :  
 Thus thou art, Lord, my *Covert* in the heat ;  
 My *Drink* when *thirsty*, and when *hungry*, *Meat*.  
 How oft', my *Love*, how oft' with earnest pray'r,  
 Have I invok'd thy shade, to rest me there ?  
 There pensive I'll bewail my wretched state,  
 Like a sad Turtle widow'd of her Mate ;  
 I'll bath thy pale dead lips in a warm flood,  
 And from thy locks I'll wash the clotted blood ;  
 Thy hanging head my hands shall gently raise,  
 And to my cheek I'll lay thy gory face ;  
 Thy wounded side with watry eyes I'll view,  
 And as *thy blood*, *my tears* shall ever flow :  
 Flow till my sight, by their kind flood reliev'd,  
 With the sad object be no longer griev'd.

Yet this *one wound* in me will *many* make,  
 Till prostrate at *thy feet* my place I take :  
 Then I'll embrace again the *fatal Tree*,  
 And write this sad *Inscription* under thee :

(167)

Two Lovers see, who their own death conspire ;

She drowns in Tears, while He consumes in Fire.

Honorius in cap. 2. Cant. apud Delr.

*Shadow is made of a body and light, and is the traveller's covert from the heat, his protection from the storm. The Tree of Life, to wit, the Apple, is the holy Cross; its Fruit is Christ, its shadow the refreshment and defence of mankind.*

---

XV. How

---

And, more than all its fellows of the Wood,  
 Allows the *weary rest*, the *hungry food* :  
 Thus thou art, *Lord*, my *Covert* in the heat ;  
 My *Drink* when *thirsty*, and when *hungry*, *Meat*.  
 How oft', *my Love*, how oft' with earnest pray'r,  
 Have I invok'd thy shade, to rest me there ?  
 There penfive I'll bewail my wretched state,  
 Like a sad Turtle widow'd of her Mate ;  
 I'll bath thy pale dead lips in a warm flood,  
 And from thy locks I'll wash the clotted blood ;  
 Thy hanging head my hands shall gently raise,  
 And to my cheek I'll lay thy gory face ;  
 Thy wounded side with watry eyes I'll view,  
 And as *thy blood*, *my tears* shall ever flow :  
 Flow till my sight, by their kind flood reliev'd,  
 With the sad object be no longer griev'd.

Yet this *one wound* in me will *many* make,  
 Till prostrate at *thy feet* my place I take :  
 Then I'll embrace again the *fatal Tree*,  
 And write this sad *Inscription* under thee :

Two Lovers see, who their own death conspire ;

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XV. How

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*How shall we sing the Lord's song  
in a strange Land. Psal. 137. 4.*

*P. 168.*

## XV.

*How shall we sing the Lord's Song in a strange  
Land? Psal. 137. 4.*

O H! why, my Friends, am I desir'd to sing?  
How can I raise a *note*, or touch a *string*?  
*Musick* requires a Soul to mirth inclin'd,  
And sympathizes with the troubled mind.

But you reply, Such seasons most require  
The kind diversion of the warbling Lyre;  
When grief wou'd strike you dumb, 'tis time to sing,  
Then strain the *voice*, & strike the trembling *string*;  
For then the mind o'rewhelm'd in sorrow lies,  
Too much intent on its own miseries.

You urge, this remedy will grief assuage,  
And with examples prove what you alledge.

You

You say, This tunes the weary Sailors note,  
 While o're long Seas their nimble Vessels float :  
 You say, This makes the artful Shepherd play,  
 Whose tuneful Pipes the tedious hours betray.  
 And that the Trav'ler's journey easi'st proves,  
*When to the Musick of his voice he moves.*  
 I'll not perversly blame this art in *them*,  
 Nor the offensive policy condemn ;  
 But know my tongue, long practis'd in complaint  
 Is skill'd in grief, in lamentations quaint.  
 Scarce my lost skill cou'd I to practice bring,  
 And *Musick* seem'd a strange unusual thing ;  
 And, as one blinded long scarce brooks the light,  
 So pleasing Ayres my uncouth tongue affright.  
 When I my flighted *Numbers* wou'd retrieve,  
 And make the speaking *Chords* appear to live ;  
 When I wou'd raise the murmuring *Viols* voice,  
 Or make the *Lute* in brisker sounds rejoyce ;  
 When on my *Pipes* attempt a shriller note,  
 Or joyn my *Harp* in consort with my *Throat* :  
 My Voice (alas !) in floods of tears is drown'd,  
 And boistrous sighs disperse the fainting sound.

Again to *ſing*, again to *play* I try'd :  
 Again my *voice*, again my *hand* deny'd :  
 Now by diſuſe flow and unactive made,  
 My *hand* and *tongue* t'*Oblivion* are betray'd :  
 And now with theſe allays I try too late  
 To molifie my hard, my rigid fate.  
 Grant I excell'd in *Muſick*, and in *Song*,  
 And warbled ſwift *Diviſion* with my tongue ;  
 Cou'd I with *Iſrael's ſweeteſt Singer* vie,  
 Or ſtrike the *Harp* with more ſucceſs than *He* :  
 Will *Muſick* or *Complaint* beſt ſuit my woe,  
 Who never had *more cauſe* to weep, than *now* ?  
 But ſorrow has my tuneful *Harp* unſtrung,  
 And grief's become habitual to my tongue :  
 Nor do the *place* or *time* ſuch mirth allow ;  
 But grant *they* did, my *sorrows* answer no.  
 What ! wou'd you have an *exil'd Stanger* ſing  
 His *Countrey Anthems* to a *Foreign King* ?  
 Or bear ; my *fate* and this loath'd place conſpire  
 To ſilence me, and binder your deſire.  
 Shall I, driv'n far from the *Seraphick Choir*,  
 Touch the ſweet Nerves of my *Caeſtial Lire* ?

Ah !

Ah! Fortunes wounded Captive kindly spare,  
 My voice has lost its pleasing accents here.  
 Sorrow disorders and distorts my face,  
 I cannot give my Songs their former grace.  
 Shou'd I begin to sing or play, 'twou'd be  
 Some doleful *Emblem* of my misery.  
 My thoughts are all on my lost state intent,  
 And close Companions of my Banishment.  
 Then why am I desir'd to play or sing, (string  
 Now grief has broke my voice, and slackned ev'r  
 Oh! my lov'd Countrey, when I think on *thee*,  
 My *Lute*, my *Voice*, my *Mind*, all lose their harmony  
 But if to *Thee* I happily return, (more  
 Then they shall all *rejoyce*, as much as now the

Aug. Medit. cap. 35.

*That I could say such things as the  
Hymn-singing Choir of Angels!  
How willingly would I pour forth  
my self in thy praises!*

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EXTASIES

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*I charge you O Daughters of Ierusalem,  
if you find my Beloved, that you tell  
him that I am Sick of Love. Cant. 5. 8.*

*P. 174.*

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# EXTASIES

OF THE

## Enamour'd Soul.

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### BOOK *the Third.*

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#### I.

*I charge you, O Daughters of Jerusalem, if  
you find my Beloved, that you tell him that  
I am sick of Love. Cant. 5. 8.*

**B**lest Residents on the bright Thrones-above,  
*Who are transform'd to the sublimest Love ;  
To my Belov'd my restless Passion bear,  
And gently whisper't in his sacred ear.  
To him my sighs, my languishments relate,  
Tell him my flame dissolves me with its heat.*

N

Tell

Tell him, I pine beneath *Loves torrid Zone*,  
 As withering Flow'rs before the scorching Sun ;  
 For scattering round his Darts, among the rest  
 He shot himself into my love-sick breast ;  
 Thro all my flesh the Shaft, like Lightning stole,  
 And with strange influence seiz'd my melting Soul  
 Now in a flame unquenchable I burn,  
 Which does my breast t'another *Aetna* turn.  
 If a more full account he wou'd receive,  
 (For *Lovers* always are inquisitive)  
 Tell him how pale, how languishing I look,  
 And how I fainted when I wou'd have spoke.  
 If he enquires what pace my *Feaver* moves,  
 Oh ! tell him, I no *Feaver* feel, but *Love's* :  
 Or if he asks what danger's of my death,  
 Tell him----I cou'd not tell, for want of breath.  
 Tell him you bring no message sent by me,  
 But a *relation of my misery*.  
 Yet, if he questions how in death I look,  
 Say how my *Beauty* has my face forlook.  
 Thus then delineate me amidst my woe,  
 That he *my sufferings* and *their cause* may know.

Tell him I lie seiz'd with a deadly swoon,  
 A bloodless Corps stretch'd on the naked ground.  
 Tell him my eyes swim round my *dizzy* head,  
 And on my breast my feeble hand is laid;  
 The Corral of my Lips grows sickly pale,  
 And on my Cheeks the withering Roses fail;  
 My Veins, tho chaf'd, have lost their azure hue,  
 And *this decay* shews *Nature failing* too :  
 Nor any signs express remaining life,  
 But the *worst symptoms*, sighs that vent my grief.  
 And yet I cannot any reason feign,  
 Why, tho *unhurt*, so often I complain :  
 I know not why, unless the Tyrant *Love*  
 Compels me thus his mighty Pow'r to prove.  
 This, this was sure *my sorrows only cause* ;  
 I lov'd, yet *knew not what a Lover was*.  
 This from my breast extorted *frequent sighs*,  
 Ad prest the tears from my *o'reflowing eyes*.  
 This was the cause, that when I strove to frame  
*Remote discourse*, it ended with *his Name*.  
 Oh! then——  
 Tell the lov'd Object of my *thought* and eye,  
 How I his *Martyr* and his *Victim* die.

Distill'd

Distill'd in *Loves Alimbeck*, I expire,  
 Parch'd up, like *Roses*, by too warm a fire ;  
 Or dry'd, like *Lillies* which have long in vain  
 Begg'd the refreshment of a gentle Rain.  
 Tell Him, the *cause* of all, my grief will prove,  
 Without *his help*, my *Death*; for, oh ! 'tis *LOVE*

Rupert. in Cant.

*Tell him, That I am sick of Love, thro  
the great desire I have of seeing his  
face : I endure the weariness of life,  
and I can hardly bear the delay of  
my present Exile.*

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N 3II. Stay

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*Stay me with flagons, comfort me  
with apples, for I am sick of Love  
Cant. 2. 5. P. 180.*

Stay

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Oh!

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## II.

*Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples,  
for I am sick of love. Cant. 2. 5.*

**H**OW strangely, *Love*, dost thou my will controul,  
Thou pleasing Tyrant of my captiv'd Soul !  
Oh ! wou'dst thou have thy fiery torment last,  
Slacken its heat, for I consume too fast.  
On other hearts imply thy Arrows pow'r,  
For mine (alas ! ) has now no room for more.  
O spare thy own Artill'ry, and my breath !  
For the next shaft comes wing'd with certain Death.  
Oh ! I am lost, and from my self estrang'd,  
To Love, my voice ; to Love, my blood is chang'd :  
From part to part insensibly he stole,  
Till the sly Conqu'ror had subdu'd the whole.

Alas ! will no one pity my distress ?  
Will neither Earth nor Heav'n afford redress ?  
N 4 Canst

Canst *Thou*, the *author* of my miseries ;  
 Canst *Thou* behold me with *relentless eyes*?  
 Oh! haste, you *bright Inhabitants* above,  
 My *fellow-patients* in this *charming Love* ;  
 Rife the *Orchards*; and disrobe the *Fields*,  
 Bring all the *Treasure Natures Store-house* yields;  
 Bind fragrant *Rose-buds* to my temples first,  
 Then with *cool apples* quench my *fiery thirst*.  
*These* may allay the *Fever* of my blood.  
 Oh no! there's nothing, nothing does me good.  
 Against *Loves force* what *Salve* can *Roses* make,  
 Since ev'n *themselves* may hide the *pois'nous Snake*?  
 And *Apples* sure can small assistance give,  
 In *one of them* th'*Old Serpent* did deceive.  
 O then! to slacken this tormenting fire,  
 The *Rose of Sharon* only I desire :  
 And for an *Apple* to assuage my grief,  
 Give it, oh! give it from the *Tree of Life*!  
 Then strow them gently on my *Virgin-bed* ;  
 And as the withering *Rose* declines its head,  
 Compos'd to *Death's long sleep* my rest I'll take,  
*Dream of my Love, and in his arms awake.*

Gislen in Cant. cap. 2.

It is certainly a good languishment,  
when the Disease is not to Death,  
but Life, that God may be glorified  
by it : when that Heat and Fever  
does not proceed from a consuming,  
but rather from an improving fire:

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III. My

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*My Beloved is mine, and I am his;  
he feedeth among the Lillies  
Cant. 2. 16.*

*P. 184.*

## I I I.

*My Beloved is mine, and I am his ; he feedeth  
among the Lillies. Cant. 2. 16.*

O Left souls, whose hearts burn with such *equal fire*,  
As never, but *together*, will expire !  
To your content I wou'd not Crowns prefer,  
For all Heav'n's blessings are dilated there :  
And when with *equal flames* two Souls engage,  
That happy minute is *Love's Golden age*.  
Such bliss I wish'd, when *Love* at first possess'd,  
And rais'd his Standard in my trembling breast.  
How oft' I pray'd, Whene're in Love I burn,  
Grant me, great Pow'r, to find a just return !  
The God return'd this *answer* to my pray'r,  
Love first, that Love its breaches may repair.  
If it thy will, *Almighty Love* (I cry'd)  
Enlist a Soldier, in thy Wars untry'd ?

'Tis

'Tis true, my *fellow-Maids* have told me long  
 The *promis'd Joys* of thy adoring throng :  
 But oft' my *Nurse*, acquainted with the cheat,  
 Told me, 'twas all *delusion* and *deceit* ;  
 And that the *Oracle* too true wou'd prove,  
 Which thus declar'd *the ill effects of Love* :  
 " Num'rous as *Athos Hares*, or *Hybla's Swarms*,  
 " Or *Olive-berries* on the loaden Tree,  
 " Or as the *Shells*, or *Sands*, are *Love's* alarms,  
 " Abounding still with fear and misery.  
 For still this fear the wretches entertain,  
 Lest all their *Love* shou'd meet unjust *Disdain*.  
 Of happy *Lovers* no *Records* can boast ;  
 Their bliss was *counterfeit*, or *short* at most :  
 The airy *God's* unsettled motion shews  
 That *Love's* a *Tide* that always *ebbs* and *flows*.

Go then and trust those dying flames that will,  
 Since *Love's* a *wand'rer* and *uncertain* still.  
 " Than his own feathers he is lighter far,  
 " And all his *promis'd Faith's* an empty air.

By Oaths and Vows let no one be betray'd,  
 Which vanish in the breath with which th'are made.  
 His cheeks now with unusual blushes drest,  
 And his quick flight, this mighty truth confess :  
 And now his fraud, his treachery I knew,  
 To all his pow'r I bid a last adieu.

To Thee, thou heav'n-born Love, my Soul I'll joyn,  
 Be Thou my Darling, and let me be Thine.  
 While day and night successively return,  
 Our mutual fires shall never cease to burn.  
 O the sweet balm distilling from each kiss !  
 How vast's the pleasure, how divine the bliss !  
 What new delights thy Love does still disclose,  
 She only who enjoys the blessing knows.  
 But, oh ! to love, or be belov'd of Thee,  
 Is the great myst'ry of Felicity :  
 And, more t'inhance and recommend the joy,  
 'Tis such as time does heighten, not destroy.  
 My Love, my Life in Thee all Hybla's Sweets,  
 In Thee all Ophir's richest Treasures meet.

With

With what repeated *Extasies* posselt,  
 We vent our Passions in each others breast !  
 O how unspeakable's the bliss to me,  
 To lose my self in thoughts of its Eternity !  
*This Love* is subject to no anxious cares,  
 Too blest for troubles, too secure for fears.  
 In vast *Elisiums* of delight it feeds,  
 Where whitest Lillies deck th' enamell'd Meads :  
 Among which *Emblems* of our pure desires,  
 We in chaste dalliance quench our mutual fires.

Bernard. in Cant. Serm. 71.

*Thou who hearest, or readest this, take  
care to have the Lillies in thee, if  
thou wouldst have this dweller a-  
mong the Lillies visit thee.*

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IV. *I am*

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*I am my Beloved's, and his desire  
is towards me. Cant. 7. 10.  
P. 190.*

## IV.

*I am my Beloved's, and his desire is towards  
me. Cant. 7. 10.*

THro the thick shades of a cool *Cypress Grove*,  
Weeping I wander'd to bewail my Love ;  
A briny torrent rowl'd along my breast,  
And weighty grief my sinking Sp'irits opprest.  
I'd to my back an Ivory Lute I bore,  
My sorrows sure Physician heretofore.  
I'd with my grief, on a soft Turf I rest,  
And thus unload my over-burthen'd breast:

Must I my days consume in lonesom grief,  
And no kind Lover timely bring relief?  
Let that curse attend my enemies,  
That they still Strangers to Love's envy'd Bliss!

"For not to *love*, is surely not to *live*,  
 "Since *Lifes chief blessings* we in *Love* receive :  
 "The whole design of *living* is to *love*,  
 "And who *loves most*, does *best his life improve*.  
 Bodies of Earth down to their centre move,  
 And Seeds of Fire ascend to theirs above.  
 So our soft hearts to *Love* are still inclin'd,  
 Urg'd by a violent impulse of mind.  
 Ev'n *mine* too, kindled by an innate flame,  
 Is eager to deserve a *Lovers name*.  
 But where shall I my blooming love impart ;  
 Where yield the Virgin-fortress of my heart ?  
 Shall I descend to a *low mortal love*,  
 I, the *Companion of I left Spirits above* ?  
 Or shall I with *inferiour Creatures* sport,  
 Whom *their Creator* not disdains to court ?  
 No, no, my Soul, fix thou thy thoughts on high ;  
 Thou hast no equal match beneath the Sky.  
 My *Hymen* shall no other Torches bear,  
 Than what have each been lighted at a Star.  
*Angels shall my Epithalamium sing,*  
*Conducting me in triumph to their King.*

Him, Him alone of all I can approve  
 The noblest object of the purest Love.  
 His dear-lov'd *Image* still salutes my eye,  
 Nor can his *absence* this delight deny.  
 No envious distance can prevail to part  
 His dear *resembling Impress* from my heart.  
 With him, methinks, in sweet discourse I walk,  
 Pleas'd with the sound of his imagin'd talk.  
 So, by strange sympathy, the faithful *Steel*  
 Does the lov'd *Pole's* magnetick influence feel,  
 By whose kind conduct the safe *Pylot* steers  
 A steady course, till the wish'd Port appears.  
 So the fond *Hyacinth* pursues the *Sun*,  
 Pleas'd at his rise, griev'd when his race is done :  
 So is *He* waited on by the pale *Moon*,  
 Who from *his beams reflection* guilds her own.  
 Like these, Almighty Love, to Thee I flie ;  
 If thou withdraw'st thy face, I pine, I die.  
 O then, since all my joys on that depend,  
 Let the blest *Vision* never have an end !

*The Same, by another hand.*

**A** *Cypress Grove* (whose melancholly shade  
 To sute the temper of the sad was made)  
 I chose for my retreat, there laid me down,  
 Hoping my *sorrows* in my *tears* to drown.  
*They* vainly flow'd; and now o'rewhelm'd with grief  
 From *Musicks* charming sounds I sought relief.  
 This Song compos'd, I strike my Lyre, and sing,  
 Soft Notes rebounding from each silver string.  
 Ah! shall my wasted days no passion crown;  
 And must my empty years roul useless on!  
 So hard a fate I'd wish my greatest foes;  
 He lives not, who the flames of Love ne're knows.  
 Stupid his Soul lies hid in darkest night,  
 Who is not chear'd with Loves transpiercing light:  
 He bears no Image of the God above,  
 Whose icy breast's insensible of *Love*.  
 The pond'rous Earth, by'ts proper weight deprest,  
 Beneath all other Elements doth rest;

While pointed Flames do thro the solid mass  
 Force their bright way, and unresisted pass.  
 So thro the solid lump of Man the Soul  
 Sends forth those fires that do the frame controul;  
 And his desires do hurry him away,  
 Where-e're those flames do guide th'obedient Clay.  
 And now I feel an *unknown warmth* all o're;  
 I burn, I melt, *but know not from what Pow'r* :  
 These sharp quick fires are urg'd thro ev'ry vein,  
 Mingling at once such *Pleasure* and such *Pain*.  
 Ah! whither will this furious passion drive?  
 (In vain against *Love's* raging force we strive.)  
 Shall *my aspiring Soul*, like vulgar hearts,  
 Complain of *shameful wounds* from *Cupid's Darts*?  
 If I shou'd be embrac'd by mortal arms,  
 They'd fade my Beauties, fully all my Charms :  
 My rising mind soars vast degrees above  
 Terrestrial Charms, they're much beneath my Love:  
 These gross desires my purer Soul disdains;  
 She'll be *His Sponse* who ev'ry beeing frames.  
 Agnes, of Rome the wonder and the pride,  
 Her Charms to an *Ausonian Youth* deny'd,  
 And in these terms refus'd to be his Bride :

"If

"If I have kindled fires within your breast,  
 "I cannot *grant*, but *pity* your request :  
 "Nor can you justly my refusal blame,  
 "Since I burn with a much *diviner flame* ;  
 "For *my Creator* hath engag'd my heart,  
 "My Soul from *such a Sp use* can ne're depart :  
 "His lovely Image still is in my sight,  
 "And at this distance *He's my sole delight* :  
 "In absence we converse ; I speak in Pray'rs,  
 "And he in absence charms my listning ears.  
 So by the *Loadstones* unseen wondrous force  
 The faithful *Needle* steers the Seamans course :  
 Tow' rds its lov'd *North* it constantly doth rise,  
 Helping their way, to their extreme surprize.  
 So does the Flow'r of *Phæbus* twice a day  
 Turn tow' rds her *Sun*, and her glad leaves display.  
 Fair *Cynthia* thus regards her *Brother's* beams,  
 Renews her *Beauty* from his borrow'd flames.  
 I am thy *Clytie* (Spouse) thou art my *Sun*,  
 'I *Cynthia*, always tow' rds *thy light* must run.  
 My, *Spouse*, my *Helice*, with longing I (flie.  
 (Where-e're thou draw'st) tow' rds *thee* in raptures  
 What

What wonder if in mutual Love *We* burn,  
 Since *Steel* can tow'rds the senseless *Loadstone* turn?

Bernard. Medit. cap. 9.

*My heart passes thro many things, seeking a-  
 bout where it may take its rest ; but finds  
 nothing that pleases it, till it returns to  
 God.*



*My Soul melted as my Be-  
 loved Spoke, Cant. 5. 6.  
 P. 200.*

## V.

*My Soul melted as my Beloved spoke,*  
Cant. 5. 6.

**W**Hat *Hills*, what *Rocks*, what *Desarts* have  
I trod,  
Only for one short view of *Thee*, my God!  
How for one word from those dear lips of *Thine*,  
My feet a tiresome *Pilgrimage* injoyn'd!  
Ore craggy *Rocks* of such stupendous height,  
Ascent does ev'n the climbing *Deer* afright:  
It cannot my unwearied haste delay,  
A mighty *Love* conducts me all the way.  
So from these heights I all things else descry,  
The dear-lov'd *Object* shuns my longing eye.

Distracted

Distracted then, thro ev'ry Den I rave,  
 Search each Recess, and visit ev'ry Cave.  
 In vain (alas!) those devious paths I wear,  
 I only find thou art a stranger there.  
 Sometimes into the open Plain I rove,  
 But *there* am lost in *Error* as in *Love*.  
 Tow'rd Heav'n I look, and thro the Fields come  
 plain,  
 But *both* unkindly answer not again.  
 Wandring from *thence*, I find a *shady Vale*,  
 There on *my Love* (but, oh! in vain) I call.  
 Not far from *hence* a *close thick Covert* grows,  
 Where panting Beasts fly for a cool repose :  
*Here, here*, said I, *my Love* is laid to rest ;  
 But, oh! no sign of *Thee* was *here* imprest.  
 Then, stung with passion, and o're-whelm'd  
 grief,  
 I court the *shoar*, and *thence* expect relief.  
 Here a *high Tow'r* exalts its lofty head,  
 By whose kind light the wandering Seaman's led  
*Here* I ascend, and view the Ocean round,  
 While my complaints o're all the *shoar* resound

Tell me, you *Shoars*, you *Seas*, and tell me true,  
 Is not my *Love* conceal'd in some of *You*?  
 Is to each other you wou'd constant be,  
 Discover, and be just to *Love* and me.  
 Scarce had the shoar receiv'd the mournful noise,  
 When it return'd a loud redoubled voice:  
 That some sporting *Eccho* I believe,  
 That fools the wretch'd, and dallies with their grief.  
 Again the shoar I rend; the shoar does hear,  
 And the kind voice again salutes my ear:  
 My voice, a well-known voice! 'twas *Thine*, my *Life*,  
 Whose pleasing accents soon dispell'd my grief.  
 Now I reviv'd; One such immortal breath  
 And pow'r enough to rescue me from death.  
 My voice, like *Lightning*, unperceiv'd, unfelt,  
 A strange influence does th' affections melt.  
 Thy *Disciples* hearts were fir'd within,  
 When on the way thou didst discourse begin;  
 The secret charms of *Thy* prevailing voice  
 Was unaccountable, yet mighty Joys.  
 Was the same heav'nly sound that answer'd me,  
 And all dissolv'd me into *Extasie*.

That

That kindled such a fire within my Soul,  
 Whose ardent heat an Ocean cannot cool.  
 See how my melting passions drop and run,  
 Like *Virgin-wax* before the scorching *Sun* !  
 O might I be so blest to mix with *Thee*,  
 Our *Life* the same, the same our *Love* should be

Aug. Solil. cap. 34.

*What is this that I feel? what fire is  
it that warms my heart? what light  
is it that enlightens it? O thou  
fire which always burnest, and art  
never extinguished! do thou in-  
flame me.*

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VI. Whom

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*Whom have I in Heaven but thee?  
and there is none upon Earth that  
I desire in Comparison of thee.  
Psal. 73. 24.*

*P. 266*

## VI.

*Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? and there  
is none upon Earth that I desire in compari-  
son of Thee. Psal. 73. 24.*

**W**Hat shall I seek, great God, in Heav'n above,  
The Earth, or Sea, whereon to fix my love?  
So I shou'd ransack Heav'n, the Earth, and Sea,  
If they can boast, is nothing without Thee.

I know what mighty Joys in Heav'n abound,  
That Treasures in the Earth and Sea are found;  
Without Thee, my Love, t'enrich their store,  
All their glories are but mean and poor.  
Heav'n! O Earth! O vast capacious Main!  
Three famous Realms where Wealth and Plenty reign!  
In one heap your triple pleasures lay,  
If they were no pleasures, were my Love away.

My

My thoughts, I own, have often rang'd the *Deep*, Then  
 Search'd *Earth* and *Heav'n*, and in no bounds would When  
 keep ;

But when they rambled the *Creation* round, All  
 No equal Object in the *Whole* they found All th  
 Sometimes I thought to rip the pregnant *Earth*, The S  
 And give its rich and long-born burthen birth ; Can't  
*Gold*, *Silver*, *Brass*, seeds of the shining vein, Then,  
 And each bright product of the fertile Mine : *Heav*  
 For *these* we dig and tear our *Mothers Womb*, With  
 Till for our boundless Treasures we want room : With  
 To what advantage ? Tho, o're-charg'd with Gold Amaz  
 Your bursting Coffers can't their burthen hold ; And h  
 Yet this can ne're your troubled mind appease, But a  
 Nor buy your sorrows ev'n a minutes ease. None  
 But I  
 Then

Here disappointed, to the *Deep* I go,  
 Whose low recesses the scorch'd *Indians* know ; Now  
 Pleas'd with its Gemmy store my self to load, And s  
 I dive, and visit its conceal'd abode : Above  
 Then the scarce *Burret* seek, whose bloods rich dy And t  
 Is the great Ornament of Majesty.

Then scatter'd Pearls I gather on the shoar  
Where rich *Hydaspes* casts his shining store.

Alas! these *Jewels* brought from several Coasts,  
All that each *River*, or the *Ocean* boasts;  
The *Sapbyr*, *Yasper*, and the *Chrysolite*,  
Can't quench my *thirst*, or stay my *appetite*.  
Then, since the *Earth* and *Sea* content deny,  
*Heav'n's* lofty *Fabrick* I resolve to try.  
With wonder I the vast *Machine* survey,  
With glorious Stars all studded, bright and gay:  
Amaz'd their *still unalter'd course* I view,  
And how their *daily motion* they renew.  
But among all the *Pensile-fires* above,  
None warm'd my breast, none rais'd my Soul to love:  
But I beheld at *distance* from below;  
Then farewell *Earth*, up to their *Orbs* I go.  
Now less'ning *Cities* leave my distant sight,  
And now the *Earth's whole Globe* is vanish'd quite;  
Above the *Sun* and *Planets* I am born,  
And their *inferior Influences* scorn.

Now the bright pavement of the *Stars* I tread,  
 Once the high *cov'ring* of my humble head.  
 Now o're the lofty flaming Wall I flie,  
 And *Heav'n's bright Court* lies open to my eye.  
 Now curious Crowds of the *wing'd Choir* above  
 Tow'rd's the *new guest* with dazzling splendor move  
*Hymns* well compos'd to *Airs Divine* they sing,  
 New tune their *Harps*, and scrue up ev'ry string  
 Then in brisk Notes *triumphant Anthems* play,  
 While *Heav'n* resounds, as if 'twere *Holy-day*.

O *glorious Mansions* fill'd with *shining fires* !  
 O *Courts* fit only for your *Starry Choirs* !  
 My ravish'd Soul's in strange amazement lost ;  
 Sure *no delight* is wanting on *this Coast*.  
 Ha !----Said I *no delight* was wanting here ?  
 Yes, you want *All* ; alas ! you want *my Dear*.  
 Farewell you *Stars*, and you *bright Forms* adieu ;  
 My bus'ness here was with *my Love*, not you.  
 There's nothing good *below* without *my Love*,  
 Nor any thing worth a faint *Wish* above.

*One World* subdu'd, the *Conqu'ror* did deplore  
 That niggard *Fate* had not allow'd him *more*.  
 My vaster thoughts a *thousand Worlds* despise,  
 Nor lose *one wish* on such a *worthless prize*.  
 Not *all the Universe* from Pole to Pole,  
*Heav'n, Earth, and Sea*, can fill my boundless Soul.  
 What neither *Earths* wide limits can contain,  
 Nor the large Empire of the spreading *Main* ;  
 Nor *Heav'n*, whose vaster Globe does *both* inclose ;  
 That's the sole *Object* my ambition knows.  
 Till now, alas ! my Soul at *shadows* caught,  
 And always was *deceiv'd* in what it sought.  
 Thou, Lord, alone art *Heav'n, Earth, Sea*, to me :  
 Thou, Lord, art *All*, all *nothing* without *Thee*.

Aug. Solil. cap. 20.

Whatever is contained within the compass of *Heaven*,  
 is beneath the Soul of *Man*, which was made to  
 enjoy the chiefest Good above, in whose possession alone  
 it can be happy.



*Wo is me, that I am constrained to  
dwell with Mesech, and to have  
my habitation among the tents  
of Kedar. Psal. 120. 4.*

*P. 212.*

## VII.

*is me, that I am constrained to dwell with  
Mesech, and to have my habitation among  
the tents of Kedar. Psal. 120. 4.*

Till does the Sun with usual motion steer  
The revolutions of the circling Year ?  
Gibeons wondrous Solstice is renew'd,  
When at the mighty Joshua's beck he stood ?  
Sure his motion's become retrograde,  
Once he turn'd the Hebrew Dial's shade.  
Why else shou'd I, who now am past the age  
Shou'd totread this Worlds unhappy Stage ;  
Why shou'd I be deny'd an Exit, now  
To play'd my part, and have no more to do ?  
Where on Earth a Blessing to repair  
The injurious force of my detainer there ?  
How wou'd I welcom any fav'ring death,  
To ease me of the burthen of my breath !

*By one sure stroke, kind Fate, my soul reprieve ;  
For 'tis continual dying here to live.*

*Here our chief bliss is an uncertain Joy,  
Which swift vicissitudes of ill destroy.*

*Just as the Sun, who rising bright and gay,  
In Clouds and Show'rs concludes the weeping day.  
So boisterous gusts oft' tender Flow'rs invade,  
By tempting winds too soon abroad betray'd.*

*Here, envious of each others settlement,  
All things contend each other to supplant.  
The second minute drives the first away,  
And Night's impatient to succeed the Day:  
The eager Summer thinks the Spring too long,  
And Autumn frets that Summer is not gone :  
But Autumn's self to Winter must give way,  
Lest its cold Frosts o'rtake and punish his delay.*

*Behold yon Sea, how smooth, without a frown!  
See, while I speak, how curl'd, how rough 'tis grown!  
Look, how serene's the sky, how calm the air !  
Now, hark, it thunders round the Hemisphere !  
This great Inconstancy of human state  
Corrupts each minute of our happy fate.*

But, oh! the worst of ills is still behind,  
 The rav'nous converse with our beastly kind.  
 Ere Nature first in anger did intend  
 A plague of Monsters o're the world to send;  
 Then brought forth her most brutish Off-spring Men,  
 And turn'd each house into a savage den.  
 In this rapacious species we may find  
 All that's destructive in the preying kind;  
 Lion, Wolf, Tyger, Bear and Crocodile,  
 Strong to devour, and cunning to beguile:  
 These Beasts are led to prey by appetite,  
 And that once pleas'd, in no more blood delight;  
 But Man, like Hell, has an insatiate thirst,  
 And still is keenest, when so full to burst.  
 This raises Fraud, makes Treach'ry fine and gay,  
 While banish'd Justice flies disrob'd away:  
 This fills the world with loud alarms of War,  
 And turns the peaceful Plough-share to a hostile Spear.  
 Who wou'd be slave to such a Tyrant-life,  
 That still engages him in noise and strife?  
 Long since, alas! I did my years compleat,  
 And serv'd for freedom, still deny'd by Fate.

When I compute to what a price amount  
 My mis-spent days, I'm *bankrupt* in th'account.  
 Oh! what strange frenzy does those men possess,  
 Who rashly deem long life a *happiness*?  
 They sure are strangers to the Joys above,  
 Who more than *Home* a wretched *Exile* love.  
 But *Heav'n's* remote, and its *far-distant bliss*  
 Appears *minute* to our mistaken eyes.  
 Ah! why, my *Countrey*, art thou plac'd so far,  
 That I am still a *tedious wanderer*?

Happier the *Exiles* of old *Heathen Rome*,  
 Whom only *Tyber* did divide from *home*;  
 While to *remoter banishment* design'd,  
 A vast *Abyss* 'twixt *Heav'n* and *me* I find.  
 The *Hebrew slaves* in *Harvest* were set free;  
 My *Harvest's* come, why not my *Liberty*?  
 The swift fore-runner of the welcom Spring  
 Finds after Winters cold a time to sing:  
 She who did long in dark recesses lie,  
 Now flies abroad and re-salutes the Sky.

But I still live excluded from *above*,  
 Deny'd the Object of my Bliss and Love.  
 Hasten, hasten, *my God*, and take me up to Thee;  
 There let me live, where I was made to be.

Aug. Serm. 43.

*There are two tormentors of the Soul, which  
 do not torture it together, but by turns.  
 Their names are Fear and Grief: When it  
 is well with you, you fear; when ill, you  
 grieve.*



*O wretched man that I am. who  
shall deliver me from the body  
of this death? Rom. 7. 24.*

*P. 218.*

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## VIII.

O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver  
me from the body of this death? Rom. 7. 24.

W Here are the lost delights for which I grieve,  
But which my sorrows never shall retrieve?  
Such vast delights—but mention not the loss,  
Whose sad remembrance is thy greatest cross:  
And fate is kindest when it robs us so,  
To take away our sense of suffering too.  
On our first Parents folly we exclaim,  
As if *They* only were, as first, to blame:  
On *Eve* and *Adam* we discharge our rage,  
And thus expose our naked Parentage.  
But I (alas!) condemn not *them* alone,  
Nor while I mind *their* fall, forget *my* own.  
With *Eve* I was consenting to the cheat  
Impos'd on *Adam*, and helpt him to eat.  
Hence I my nakedness and shame deriv'd,  
And skins of Beasts to cover both receiv'd:

And

And from my *forfeit Eden* justly driv'n,  
 The *curse of Earth*, and the *contempt of Heav'n*.  
 Nor do I now the *general loss* bemoan;  
 My *grief's* deficient to bewail *my own*.  
 The tragick story from my *Birth* I'll take,  
 For early grief did my first silence break.  
 'Twas *Julyes* month, the gratefull'st of the year,  
 (Tho all my life *December* did appear)  
 The *Twenty-seventh*: Oh! had it been my last,  
 I had not mourn'd, nor that made too much haste.  
 That was the fatal day that gave me breath,  
 Which prov'd almost my teeming *Parent's* death;  
 And *still*, as *then*, to *her* (alas!) I've been  
 A true *Benoni*, not a *Benjamin*.  
 No sooner was I for the *Cradle* drest,  
 But a strange horror all around possess'd;  
 Who with one dire *prophetick voice* presage  
 Th'*attending mis'ries* of my growing age.  
 Why didst thou give me life, more *fatal day*  
 Than *that* which took th'*Egyptian Males* away?  
 No more be numbred in the *Calender*,  
 But in *thy place* let a *large blot* appear:

Or if thou must thy *annual station* keep,  
 Let each hour thunder, and each minute weep :  
 Let, as on Cain, *some mark* be fix'd on Thee,  
 That giving life, didst worse than murder me.  
 Now, *Friends*, I find your fatal *Aug'ry* true ;  
 My *woes* each other, like my *hours* pursue.  
 Hence the large sources of my tears arise,  
 And no dry minute wipes my flowing eyes.  
 No sooner had I left my *childish plays*,  
 The *harmless pastimes* of my *happy days* :  
 Now past a *child*, yet still in *Judgment* so,  
 I study'd first what I was not to know.  
 And my first grief was to lament my fate,  
 And yet 'twas seldom I had time for *that*.  
 My stubborn Soul a long resistance made,  
 Impatient thus by *Nature* to be sway'd :  
 Oft' strove to Heav'n to raise its lofty flight,  
 As oft' suppress'd by its gross *body's* weight :  
 But what it cou'd not *reach*, its eyes pursue ;  
 Then it cry'd, *Ab God!* then shed a briny dew :  
 Twice more it wou'd repeat the pleasing noise,  
 But struggling sighs restrain'd th'impris'n'd voice.

Such

Such sure were felt in *Babels* Monarch's breast,  
 When of his *Throne* and *Nature* dispossess.  
 But conquer'd *patience* yields at last to *grief*,  
 And thus I vent my wo, and beg relief.

Blest Author of my life, hear my complaint,  
 And free this captive from its loath'd restraint :  
 Speak but the word, thy Servant shall be free ;  
 Thou *mad'st* me thus, o thus *unbody* me !  
 Or if thou wilt not *this* relief afford,  
 Grant some kind *Poyson*, or some friendly *Sword*.  
*Dying* I'll hug the *Author* of my Death,  
 And beg his *pardon* with my latest breath.  
 But to save man the *guilt*, send some *Disease*,  
 Death in the *most* *afrighting* shape will please:  
 Were I to act *Perillus* scorching Scene,  
 I shou'd rejoyce to hear my self complain.  
 Oh Heav'n! my *patience* is o'come by *grief* !  
 Is there *above* no succour, no relief?  
 The mercy *Death* is all I thee implore :  
 Lord, grant it soon, lest I blaspheme thy pow'r.

When for dispatch tormented wretches pray,

No *cruelty's* so barbarous as *delay*.

Why am I to this noisom carcase ty'd,

Whose stench is death in all its ghastly pride?

*Then speak the word, and I shall soon be free;*

*Thou form'dst me thus, o thus unbody me!*

Amb. in Psal. 118.

*How does that Soul live, that is in-  
closed in a covering of death?*

IX. *I am*



*I am in a straight between two, having a  
desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ.  
Philip. 1. 23.*

*P. 224*

## I X.

*am in a straight between two, having a desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ.*  
 Philip. 1. 23.

How shall I do to fix my doubtful love?  
 Shall I remain *below*, or soar *above*?  
 Where *Earth* detains me, and retards my flight,  
 Where *Heav'n* invites me to sublime delight:  
*Heav'n* calls aloud, and bids me *haste away*,  
 While *Earth* allures, and gently whispers, *stay*.  
 But hence thou fly *Inchantress* of my heart,  
 Break thy fetters, and despise thy art.  
 Haste, haste, kind Fate, unlock my Prison door;  
 Were I releas'd, how I aloft wou'd soar!  
 O, Lord, my struggling arms tow'rd's Thee are sent,  
 And strive to grasp thee in their wide extent.  
 O! had I pow'r to mount above the Pole,  
 I kiss the Centre of my longing Soul!

Q

But

But thou above derid'st my weak designs,  
 And still opposest what thy word enjoyns.  
 Vainly I *beg* what thou dost still *deny*,  
 And stretch my hands to reach what's plac'd too *high*.  
 Oft' to my self *false Joys* of *Thee* I feign,  
 And think thou kindly com'st to break my Chain.  
 Now, now, I cry, my Soul shall soar above!  
 But this (alas!) was all dissembled love.  
 Sure this belief some pity might obtain;  
 Thou shou'dst at least for *this* have broke my Chain.  
 But if I'm still confin'd, my *wings* I'll try;  
 And if I fail, in *high attempts* I die.

But see! *He* comes, and as he glides along,  
 He beckons me, and seems to say *come on*.  
 I'll rise, and flie into his lov'd embrace,  
 And snatch a kiss, a thousand, from his face.  
 Now, now he's near, his sacred Robe I touch,  
 And I shall grasp him at the next approach:  
 But he (alas!) has mock'd my vain design,  
 And fled these arms, these slighted arms of mine:

For tho the distance ne're so little be,  
 It seems th' *Extremes* of the *vast Globe* to me.  
 Thus does my *Love* my longing *tantalize*,  
 And bids me *follow*, while too fast *he flies*.  
 Thus *sportive Love* delights in *little cheats*,  
 Which oft' are punish'd with *severe deceits*.

The World has an *Original* in me  
 To paint *deluded Lovers misery* :  
 And *he* who has his *easie Fair* betray'd,  
 Finds all his *falsehood* with *large Int'rest* paid.  
 We're suspected *thou* cou'dst *faithless* be,  
 But *sad experience* has instructed me.

As a chain'd *Mastiff*, begging to be loose,  
 With restless howlings fills the *deafned house* ;  
 But if deny'd, his teeth the *Chain* engage,  
 And vent on *that* their *inoffensive rage* :  
 So I complain, petition to be freed,  
 And humbly prostrate beg the help I need.  
 But when you frown, and my request deny,  
 Deaf as the *Rocks* to my repeated cry ;

Then I against my hated *Clog* exclaim,  
 And on my *Chain* lay all the guilty blame:  
 Thus grief pretends, by giving passion vent,  
 To ease the pain of my Imprisonment.  
 But I unjustly blame my *Chain* alone,  
 And spare the *cruel hand* that ty'd it on.  
 Well might the barb'rous load of Chains I bear  
 Become a *Renegado slave* to wear;  
*But why this harsh ill usage, Love, to me,*  
*Whose whole endeavour is to come to Thee?*  
 But when my Soul attempts a lofty flight,  
 Tis still suppress'd by a gross bodies weight.  
 So fare *young Birds*, by Nature wing'd in vain,  
 Whom sportful Boys with scanty twines restrain;  
 When eager to retrieve their *native air*,  
 They rise a little height, and flutter there:  
 But having to their utmost limits flown, (down  
 The more they strive to mount, they fall the faster  
 Each, tho it sleeps in its *young Tyrants* breast,  
 And is with *Banquets* from his lips carest;  
 Yet prizes more the *freedom of the Wood*,  
 Than all the *Dainties* of its dear-bought food:

Could *tears* dissolve my Chains, O with what ease  
 I'd weep a *Deluge* for a quick release?

But tears are vain, reach, *Lord*, thy hands to me,  
 And in return I'll stretch my Chains to thee.  
 Thou canst unty these stubborn bands alone,  
 Oh! do thou take them off, because thou putst them on?

Chrysost. hom. 55. ad pop. Antioch.

*How long shall we be fastned here? we stick  
 to the Earth, as if we should always live  
 there, we wallow in the mire. God gave us  
 bodies of earth, that we should carry them  
 to Heaven, not that we should by them de-  
 base our Souls to the Earth.*



*(Bring my Soul out of prison, that I may  
praise thy name. Psal. 142. 9.)*

*P. 230.*

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## X.

*Bring my Soul out of prison, that I may praise  
thy name. Psal. 142. 9.*

**I** Who did once thro' th'airs wide Regions rove,  
Free Denizon of the vast Realm above;  
Now to a narrow Dungeon am confin'd,  
A hole that darkens and restrains my mind.  
When first my Soul put on its fleshly load,  
It was imprison'd in the dark abode;  
My feet were fetters, my hands manacles,  
My sinews chains, and all confinement else;  
My bones the bars of my loath'd Prison-grate;  
My tongue the turnkey, and my mouth the gate.

Why from my native station am I sent  
A Captive to this narrow tenement?  
How oft' wou'd I attempt a shameful flight,  
And in a Halter bid the world good night?

How oft' have I *their happy Fate* admir'd,  
 Whoby the *Sword* or *Poyson* have expir'd?  
 But to gain *Heav'n*, we must *Heav'n's* leisure stay,  
*Such rash attempters have mistook the way.*  
*As only Heav'n our Beings did bestow,*  
 'Tis *Heav'n's* sole right to countermand them too :  
 And when to end the lives That gave we strive,  
 We impiously encroach on God's Prerogative ;  
 And on our Souls by this unlawful act,  
 In breaking *Pris'n* we a new guilt contract.  
 So that the course we take to set us free,  
 Betrays us to a greater slavery.  
 Had I some winding *Lab'rinth* for my *Jayl*,  
 I then might hope for freedom to prevail :  
 But while imbody'd in this *Flesh* I lie,  
*Heav'n must be Deliverer, not I.*  
 Let the mistaken wretch his *Pris'n* accuse,  
 Which for his flight did no kind means refuse.  
 Wou'd some kind chink one heav'nly Ray admit  
 To bless my eyes, how wou'd I honour it !  
 But while confin'd to this dark Cell I lie,  
 My captive Soul can't reach its native Sky.

Here,

Here, ev'n my *will's* a slave to *passions* made,  
*Passions* which have its *liberty* betray'd.  
 When piously it is inclin'd to good,  
 'Tis by *repugnant passions* still withstood.  
 Thus Israel in th' *Ægyptian* bondage far'd,  
 While from the service of their God debarr'd ;  
 When to his worship they desir'd to go,  
 The Tyrant Phar'oh always answer'd, No.  
 Oh my dear God ! visit this humble Cell,  
 And see in what a narrow Pris'n I dwell.  
 But if the *Locks* and *Bars* and *Grates* afright,  
 Command them all to open at thy sight.  
 Command them, *Lord*, to set thy Servant free ;  
 Nor will this deed without example be :  
*Angels* have left their *Thrones* and *Bliss* above,  
 To ransom those whom thou wert pleas'd to love :  
 Thus *Peter* did his op'ning Prison view,  
 Yet scarce believ'd the *Miracle* was true.  
 But no such favour is indulg'd to me,  
 I want (alas!) such happy *liberty* :  
 Come, come, my God, unlock my *Prison-gate*,  
 And let my Soul tow'rd Heav'n expatiate :

Or

Or lead thy *Slave* in triumph thro the Sky,  
 I'll bless the *Chains* that bind me close to *Thee*.  
 Tow'rd *Thee* my hand thro the kind Grate I throw;  
 O that my *other parts* could follow too !  
 The *captive Bird* about its *Cage* will fly,  
 And the least way for its *escape* espy,  
 And with its bill gnaws thro the *twiggy grate*  
 A secret passage to its first *free state*.  
 Canst thou, *my God*, be deaf to all my cries,  
 And more obdurate than my *Prison* is?  
 Not for *my self*, but *Thee* do I complain,  
 Thy sacred praise, which I wou'd sing, in vain ;  
 For *here* (alas!) I cannot once rejoyce,  
 Nor touch my *strings*, nor raise my *tuneful voice*.  
 For Birds confin'd, to *rage* convert their *Notes*,  
 Or *sullen* grown, lock up their silent throats.  
 Come then, *my God*, unlock my *Prison-gate*,  
 And let my Soul tow'rd *Heav'n* expatiate !  
 There my loud voice in joyful *Notes* I'll raise,  
 And sing *Eternal Anthems* in thy praise.  
 But if thou wilt not this request allow,  
 At thy own *Glory* thou must *envious* grow.

Greg. in cap. 7. Job.

*Man is imprisoned, because by proficiency in virtue he often strives to rise on high, but is kept down by the corruption of his flesh.*

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XI. *Like*

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*Like as the Hart desireth the water-  
brooks, so longeth my Soul after thee  
O God. Psal. 42. 1*

*P. 236.*

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## XI.

*Like as the Hart desireth the water-brooks,  
 so longeth my Soul after thee, O God. Psal.*  
 42. I.

**L**Ord, wou'dst thou know my breasts consu-  
 ming fire,  
 And how I pine and languish with desire?  
 The withering *Vilets* no resemblance yield,  
 Nor can I take one from the Sun-burnt *Field*;  
 Nor by *that heat* can I express my pain,  
 That melts us in the *fiery Dog-stars* reign.  
 The *Lybian Sands*, where the Suns warm salute  
 With barren drouth destroys all hope of fruit;  
 Ev'n *they*, compar'd with *me*, are *moist* and *cool*,  
 Such *raging flames* have seiz'd my *becktick Soul*.  
 But wou'dst thou have an *Emblem* of my pains,  
 Regard then how the wounded *Hart* complains,  
 While in his side th'envenom'd *Arrow* lies,  
 His Blood boils over, and his Marrow fries:

Thus

Thus thro the *Woods* he takes a nimble flight,  
 Till some cool *stream* salutes his distant sight :  
 Then with redoubled speed he pants and brays,  
 Till *there* his *thirst* and *feaver* he allays.  
 Thus, thus *transfix'd* with an *Infernal Dart*,  
 I feel the poyson raging in my heart.  
 Th'envenom'd blood with vi'olent fury burns,  
 And to a thousand diff'rent tortures turns.  
 The Tyrant *Lust* now thro my body reigns,  
 And now *Intemp'rance* bursts my glutted veins.  
 Now *Prides* rank poyson swells my heaving breast,  
 And curs'd *Ambition* robs me of my rest.  
 Oh ! from what stream shall I a *Med'cine* find  
 To ease these restless torments of my mind !  
 Thou, thou, *my God*, alone canst ease my grief,  
 From the pure *Conduits of the Well of Life*.  
 My panting *Soul* laments and pines for them,  
 As the chas'd *Hart* for the refreshing *stream*.

Shunning the quick-nos'd *Hounds* affrighting cries  
 With timorous haste oft' to the *Toils* he flies :

And when he finds himself too close beset,  
 With active speed o're-leaps th'extended Net :  
 But hotly by his num'rous Foes pursu'd,  
 He seeks the succour of some sheltring Wood ;  
 And on his neck, lest it retard his speed,  
 Casts back the uselefs Armour of his head :  
*Which, since he has not courage to employ,*  
*Assists his Foes its owner to destroy.*  
 Sometimes he thinks the deep-mouth'd foe is near,  
 From strong impressions of remaining fear.  
 Again he stands and listens for their cries,  
 Then, almost spent, thro the close Thickers flies  
 To the clear Springs : And as *he* pants for *them*,  
 So pines *my* Soul for the *Cælestial* stream ;  
 There he renews his strength, and lays his heat,  
 And rowls and wantons in the *cool* retreat.

*Lord, Hell's great Nimrod holds my Soul in chase,*  
*To shun whose Hounds I fly from place to place ;*  
*But closely they my weary steps pursue,*  
*No means of succour or escape I view.*

*Tir'd with my flight, and faint with constant sweat,  
I wish to rest, I wish to lay my heat.*

*But where, O where can this refreshment be?*

*'Tis no where, Lord, 'tis nowhere but with Thee.*

*With Thee an ever-bubbling Fountain flows,  
The remedy of all thy Servants woes :*

*Pleasing its taste, its virtue sanative ;*

*Nor health alone, but endless life they give.*

*Then tell not me of Tagus Golden flood,*

*Whose rowling Sands raise a perpetual mud :*

*There shou'd I drink insatiate till I burst,*

*Each greedy draught wou'd re-inflame my thirst.*

*No, to the pleasing Springs above I'll go,*

*The Springs that in the heavenly Canaan flow.*

*My panting Soul laments and pines for them,*

*As the chas'd Hart for the refreshing stream.*

Cyrl. in Joan. lib. 3. cap. 10.

*It is an excellent water that allays the pernicious thirst of this world, and the heat of Vice; that washes off all the stains of sin; that waters and improves the Earth in which our Souls inhabit, and restores the mind of man; that thirsts with an earnest desire to its God.*

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XII. When

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*When shall I come (and appear before  
the presence of God? Psal. 42. 2.*

*P. 242.*

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## XII.

*When shall I come and appear before the presence of God? Psal. 42. 2.*

**W**ith promis'd Joys my ears thou oft' didst fill,

But they are only Joys of promise still.

Didst thou not say thou soon wou'dst call me home?

Be just, *my Love*, and kindly bid me *come*!

" *Expecting Lovers* count each hour a day,

" And *death* to them's less dreadful than *delay*.

A tedious train of months and years is gone,

Since first you bid me *hope*, yet gave me *none*.

Why with delays dost thou abuse my love,

And fail my vain expectancies above?

While thus th'insulting Crowd derides my woe,  
Where's now your *Love*? how well he keeps his  
*Vow*?

*Haste then, and home thy longing Lover take ;  
If not for mine, yet for thy promise sake.*

When shall I come before thy Throne, and see  
Thy glorious Scepter kindly stretch'd to *me*?  
For *Thee* I pine, for *Thee* I am undone,  
As drooping Flow'rs that want their Parent Sun.  
O cruel tort'rer of my wounded Soul,  
Grant me *thy presence*, and I shall be *whole*!  
O when, thou *Joy* of all admiring eyes,  
When shall I see thee on thy *Throne of bliss*!

As when unwelcom *night* begins its sway,  
And throws its sable mantle o're the *day* ;  
The withering glories of the Garden fade,  
And weeping Groves bewail their lonely shade ;  
To melancholly silence men retire,  
And no sweet *Note* sounds from the feather'd Choir:

But hardly can the dawning morn display  
 The welcom Ensigns of th'approaching day,  
 But the glad Gardens deck themselves anew,  
 And the cheer'd Groves shake off their heavy  
 Dew :

To early homage Man himself devotes,  
 And Birds in Anthems strain their tuneful throats.  
 So without *Thee*, I grieve, I pine, I mourn ;  
 So triumph, so revive at *Thy* return.

But *Thou*, unkind, bidst me delight my eyes  
 With other *Beauties*, other *Rarities*.

Sometimes thou bidst me mark the flow'ry Field,  
 What various scents and shews its Pastures yield ;  
 Then to the *Stars* thou dost direct my sight,  
 For they from *Thine* derive their borrow'd light.  
 Then saist, Contemplate *Man*, in *Him* thou'lt see  
 The great *resemblance* of *thy Love* and *Me*.

Why wou'dst thou thus deceive me with a *shade*,  
 A trifling *Image*, that will quickly fade ?

My fancy stoops not to a *mortal aim* ;  
*Thou*, thou hast *kindled*, and must *quench* my *flame*.

O glorious Face, worthy a Pow'r Divine,  
 Where *Love* and *Awe* with equal mixture shine!  
 Triumphant Majesty of that *bright Ray*  
 Where blushing Angels prostrate homage pay!  
 We in thy *Works* thy fix'd impressions trace,  
 Yet still but faint reflections of thy *Face*.  
 When this enchanted *World's* compar'd with *Thee*,  
 Its boasted *Beauty's* all *deformity*:  
 Thy *Stars* no such transcending glories own  
 As *Thine*, whose light exceeds *all theirs* in one.  
 This truth some one of them can best declare,  
 Who on the *Mount* thy blest spectators were.  
 Who on Thy Glories were allow'd to gaze,  
 And saw *Heav'n* opened in *Thy wondrous Face*.

Nor can we blame thy great *Apostle's* Zeal,  
 To whom thou didst that happy sight reveal,  
 That *slighting* all things heretofore most dear,  
 Was all for building *Tabernacles* there:

Yet he beheld Thee *then* within a *Veil*,  
 The *killing Rays* thou kindly didst *conceal* :  
 He saw a *lambent flame* thy Face surround,  
 Thy Temples with a *dazling Glory* crown'd :  
 How had he wondred at the *nobler Light*,  
 Whose bare *Reflection* was so heav'nly bright !  
 But, oh ! *That's* inaccessible to humane sight !  
 Then *me*, oh ! *me* to that *blest state* receive,  
 Where I may see thee *all*, and seeing *live* !  
 When will that happy day of Vision be,  
 When I shall make a near approach to *Thee*,  
 Be *wrapt in Clouds*, and *lost in Mystery* !

'Tis true, the *Sacred Elements* impart  
 Thy *virt'ual presence* to my *faithful heart*,  
 But to my *sense* still *unreveal'd* thou art.  
 This, tho a *great*, is an *imperfect blifs*,  
 To embrace a *Cloud* for the *bright God* I wish ;  
 My *Soul* a more *exalted pitch* wou'd fly,  
 And view *Thee* in the *heights of Majesty*.

Oh ! when shall I behold Thee *all serene*,  
 Without an *envious cloudy Veil* between !  
 When distant Faith shall in near Vision cease,  
 And still my Love shall with my Joy increase !  
 That happy day dear as these Eyes shall be,  
 And more than all the dearest things, but Thee.

Aug.

Aug. in Psal. 41.

*If thou findest any thing better than to  
behold the face of God, haste thee  
thither. Woe to that love of thine,  
if thou dost but imagine any thing  
more beautiful than **He**, from whom  
all Beauty that delights thee is  
derived.*

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XIII. O that

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*O that I had the wings of a Dove, for  
then I would fly away, and be at rest.  
Psal. 55. 6.*

*P. 250.*

## XIII.

*that I had the wings of a Dove ! for then I  
would fly away, and be at rest. Psal. 55. 6.*

**T**Ho, great Creator, I receive from Thee  
All that I *am*, and all I *hope* to be ;  
Yet, might this humble Clay expostulate,  
wou'd complain of my *defective state*.

To *Man* th'ast given the boundless Regency  
Of three vast Realms, the *Ocean*, *Earth*, and *Sky* :  
But, oh ! how shall this ample Pow'r betry'd,  
When still the means to use it are deny'd ?

Pardon my hasty censure of thy skill,  
Who think thy mighty Work defective still ;  
Nor am I forward to correct thy Art,  
By wishing man a Casement in his heart,

Whose

Whose dark recesses all the world might see ;  
*That prospect* justly is reserv'd for *Thee* :  
 But the defect I mourn is *greater far* ;  
 His want of *Wings* to bear him thro the Air.  
*Inferiour Creatures* no perfection want,  
 To hinder their enjoyment of *Thy grant*.  
 The *scaly Race* have nimble *Fins* allow'd,  
 With which they range about their native Flood :  
 And all the *feather'd Tenants* of the Air,  
 Born up on tow'ring *Wings*, expatiate *there*.  
 Thus ev'ry Creature finds a *blest content*  
 Adapted to its proper *Element* :  
 But *Man*, for the *command* of all design'd,  
 Is still to *One* injuriously confin'd ;  
 While Nature often is *extravagant*,  
 And gives his Subjects *more than what they want*.  
 Some of the *watry kind*, we know, can fly,  
 And visit, when they please, the lofty Sky ;  
 And, in *exchange*, some of the *aëry brood*  
 Descend, and turn bold Pirates in the *Flood* :  
 While still to *Man* Heav'n does all means deny  
 To exercise his *vain Authority*.

Ev'n buzzing *Insects* with light *wings* are blest,  
 In whose small frame Heav'n has much art express:  
 But *Man*, the great, the noble *Master-piece*,  
 Wants a perfection that *abounds* in these.  
 Nay some, the *meanest* of the *feather'd kind*,  
 For neither *profit* nor *delight* design'd,  
 Stretch their *Dominions* to a vast extent,  
 Nor pleas'd with *Two*, range a *third Element*;  
 Sometimes on *Earth* they walk with stately pace,  
 And sport and revel on the tender grass ;  
 Then for the *liquid Stream* exchange the *Shoar*,  
 And dally *there* as wanton as before :  
 But wearied, thence their moistned wings they rear,  
 To take their wild diversion in the *Air*.  
 Sure *these* to rule the *triple World* were sent,  
 And *denizon'd* of every *Element* :  
 But *Man*, excluded both the *Sea* and *Air*,  
 Can make small use of his *Dominion there*.  
 Nor yet repine I that the *Earth's* alone  
*Man's Element*, since I desire but *One* ;  
 My whole *ambition's* to exchange my place,  
 Tho with the *meanest* of the *feather'd Race*.

Grant me but *wings* that I may *upwards* soar,  
 I'll forfeit *them* if e're I covet *more*.  
 Nor canst thou, *Lord*, my just petition blame,  
 When thou regard'st the *end* of all my aim:  
 The *Miseries* below, and *foys* above,  
 Recall from *hence*, and *thither* point my love.  
 The Earth (*alas!*) ~~no~~ settled station knows,  
 So fast the deluge of its ruine flows:  
 Numberless troubles and calamities  
 Increase the Flood, too apt it self to rise.  
 Tir'd with long flight, my weary Soul can meet  
 No friendly bough to entertain her feet.  
 Here no blest sign of Peace or Plenty is,  
 All lie o'rewhelm'd in the profound Abyss.  
 O *whither* then shall I for safety go?  
 I must not hope so great a good below.  
 Vainly to Honor or to Wealth I fly,  
 These cannot be their own security;  
 My sole dependance is the Sacred Ark,  
 There, there my Soul in safety may *embarque*:  
 Thou sent'st her thence, *Lord*, call her home again,  
 And stretch thy favouring hand to take her in.

But she's (alas!) too weak for such a flight,  
 Her flagging wings are baffled by its height.  
 Wou'dst thou vouchsafe to imp them, she wou'd fly,  
 And brave the tow'ring Monarch of the Sky;  
 Then she wou'd haste to her eternal Rest,  
 And build above the Clouds her lofty Nest;  
 There basking in the splendor of thy beams,  
 Be all employ'd on bright Angelick Themes;  
 In which th' adultrate World shall have no part,  
 That fly Debaucher of my wandring heart:  
 But in Seraphick Flames for Thee I'll burn,  
 And never, never think of a return.

Amb. Hom. 7.

Nothing can fly but what is pure, light, and  
 subtile, and whose purity is not corrup-  
 ted by intemperance, nor its cheerfulness nor  
 swiftnefs retarded by any weight.



*O how amiable (are thy Tabernacles,  
thou Lord of Hosts. Psal. 84. 1.*

*P. 256.*

## XIV.

O how amiable are thy Tabernacles, thou  
Lord of Hosts ! Psal. 84. 1.

Great Leader of the Starry Hosts that stand  
In shining order on thy either hand,  
Such bright magnificence adorns Thy Throne,  
That hence my ravish'd Soul wou'd fain be gone,  
To offer there her low Devotion.

Hail glorious Palace, which a lofty Mound  
Of shining Jasper closely does surround !  
Where the blew Saphyre and clear Chrysolite,  
At once astonish and affect the sight !  
Where sparkling Topas-thresholds kiss the feet  
Of all who come tow'ards the Almighty's seat !  
By doors of dazling Adamant let in,  
Where Golden Roofs on Emerald Pillars shine !

This lofty *Structure*, this divine *Abode*,  
 Becomes the *Presence* of its *Founder-God*.  
 Here purest *Airs*, fann'd in by *Angels wings*,  
 Breathe all the *Odors* of ten thousand *Springs*.  
 Here no benumbing *Frosts* dare once be rude,  
 Nor piercing *Snows* within these *Courts* intrude.  
 The *torrid Zone* is far remote from hence,  
 This *Climate* feels a gentler influence.  
 This true *Elizium's* pleasures ne're decay,  
 Whose time is all but *one eternal day*.

Bright Resident of the *Cœlestial Spheres*,  
 How despicable's *Earth*, when *Heav'n* appears !  
 The very name of *grief's* a stranger here,  
 And nothing can beget a thought of fear.  
 Here undisturb'd *Tranquility* presides,  
 And entrance to all jarring *Foes* forbids.  
 Hence every *Passion*, *Frailty*, and *Disease*,  
 All that may injure, trouble, or *displease*,  
 All that may *discompose* th'exalted mind,  
 Are to eternal banishment confin'd.

Bright Resident of the *Cœlestial Spheres*,  
 How despicable's *Earth*, when *Heav'n* appears !

Here

Hear feasting Souls perpetual Revels keep,  
 And never are concern'd for food or sleep ;  
 With indefatigable Zeal they move,  
 Born on the wings of Duty and of Love.  
 Dissolv'd in Hymns, here Choirs of Angels lie,  
 And with loud Hallelujah's fill the Sky.  
 Here new-come Saints with wreaths of light are crown'd,  
 While Ivory Flutes and Silver Trumpets sound.  
 Here blushing Cherubs sacred Hymns begin,  
 And smiling Seraphs loud Responses sing,  
 While echoing Angels the blest Airs retort,  
 Follow'd by a loud Chorus of the Universal Court.  
 While, to compleat the Musick of the Choir,  
 The Royal Psalmist tunes his Sacred Lyre.

Such was the mighty Joy, when they caress'd  
 The Royal CHARLES, their late-ascended Guest.  
 Such Songs of Triumph fill'd Heav'n's space around,  
 When they beheld our God-like Sovereign crown'd :  
 Him, for whose safety they were oft employ'd,  
 And blest the grateful Orders they obey'd :

Him, for whose sake they did loud Storms assuage,  
 And still'd the more tumultuous Peoples rage ;  
 Knowing His Reign such Blessings wou'd dispence,  
 To make their pains a glorious recompence :  
 And having crown'd at last the Royal Heir,  
 Applaud the blest effect of Providences care.  
 O that my ravish'd Soul cou'd mount the Skies,  
 To hear the Musick of their Psalmodies !  
 The meanest seat in this bright Court I'd chuse,  
 Before the best Preferment Earth bestows ;  
 For one short days sublime enjoyment here  
 Exceeds an Age of the chief Pleasure there.  
 Blest Resident of the Cœlestial Spheres,  
 How despicable's Earth, when Heav'n appears !  
 Hasten then, my Soul, to those those blest Mansions fly,  
 With those bright Objects please thy wondring eye :  
 With their sweet Aires fill thy attentive ear,  
 Till thou hast learnt to chant forth Anthems there :  
 Then thou, instructed in the heav'nly Art,  
 Maist in their Consort bear an humble part.

Bonavent. Solil. cap. 4.

*my Soul, what can I say when I behold the Joy to come! I am lost in admiration, because the Joy will be within and without, above and below, about and beside us.*

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S 3      XV. Make

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*Make hast my Beloved, and be like  
the Roe (or the young Hart) upon  
the mountains of Spices. Cant. 8. 14.*

*P. 262.*

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## XV.

*Make haste, my Beloved, and be like the Roe  
or the young Hart upon the Mountains of  
Spices. Cant. 8. 14.*

**H**aste, my bright Sun, haste from my dazled  
fight,

Too tender to endure thy streaming light:

How does my tongue my love-sick soul betray !

*This* bids him fly, whom *that* wou'd beg to stay.

For why shou'd I his absence thus engage,

Which grant will make each tedious hour an Age?

Yet his too scorching beams forbid his stay ;

Fly then, my Love, or lay those beams away.

Hadst thou on me this harsh Injunction laid,

The killing sound at once had struck me dead.

But thy own flame, not I, will have it so,

I shou'd be Ages in pronouncing Go.

I wou'd not wish what now I do intreat ;  
 Then stay, and let me not persuade thee yet.  
 Stay, stay, *my Life*, and turn the deafn'd ear ;  
 Sure what I wou'd not speak, you shou'd not hear.  
 Hence let the wind my feign'd Petition bear ;  
 'Twas *fear*, not *I*, that form'd the hasty Pray'r.  
 Yet (oh!) this melting heat forbids your stay ;  
 Fly, fly, *my Love*, I burn if you delay.  
 O let your haste outstrip the hunted Hind ;  
 But that's too slow ; fly like the nimble Wind :  
*Fly till thou leav'st ev'n flagging thought behind.*  
 Yet in thy flight a longing look bestow,  
*A speaking glance, to shew thee loath to go.*  
*But that once cast, renew your speed away :*  
*Fly, fly, my Love, there's death in your delay.*  
 Behold those lofty Sky-saluting Hills,  
 Where rich Perfume from weeping Trees distills ;  
 Where Lawrels, Cedars, and soft Myrtles grow,  
 And all the Spice *Arabia* does bestow :  
 To their high tops direct thy nimble flight,  
 Till *thou*, like *them*, art vanish'd from my sight.

Fly to the heights where the young Seraphs sing,  
 And the gay Cherubs exercise their wings.  
 Fly till the Stars appear as much below  
 Thy station, as they are above it now.  
 Those places are inur'd to heat and fire,  
 And what *I dread*, is what *they most desire*.  
 One Spark's sufficient to inflame my Soul;  
 Oh! do not then consume me with the whole!  
 Then let thy haste the hunted Hind out-go.  
 And yet, methinks, thou shou'dst not leave me so:  
 Yet fly so, that thou maist look often back,  
 Nor from my sight too far a Journey take:  
 But keep such distance as the glorious Sun,  
 When with most light he guilds the pale-fac'd Moon.  
 Ah! this discov'ry of my Soul forgive,  
 I cannot *with thee*, nor *without thee*, live.  
 If thou art *near*, I *burn*; *remote*, I *freeze*;  
 And *either distance* does *alike displease*.  
 Then so approach me, *Lord*, I thee desire,  
 That I may feel thy *warmth*, but not thy *fire*.  
 Fly then, *my Life*, fast as the hunted Deer;  
 But go no more *too far*, than stay *too near*.

And

And when th'art gone, on reedy Pipes I'll play,  
 And sing thy Praises in an amorous Lay;  
 And when I've wearied out the tedious night,  
 With a new task I will my self delight.  
 I'll carve at large on every spreading Tree  
 Our Loves *Original* and *History*.  
 My o're-plus time I'll dedicate to sleep,  
 Yet still my waking thoughts *lov'd Object* keep.

But see how while I speak I melt away!  
 Haste your ungrateful flight without delay:  
*Yet go as tho you this departure mourn,*  
*And all your haste were for a quick return.*

Amb.

Amb. de bono Mortis, cap. 5.

*The Soul desires that her Beloved  
would be gone, because now she is  
able to follow him in his flight.*

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FINIS.

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